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YOU, YOUR CHILDREN, AND WAR



Photograph by A. Pierce Artian.

Children need a lot of affection to live with stamina in a world at war.

YOU, YOUR CHILDREN, AND WAR

BY DOROTHY W. BARUCH

Professor of Education, Director of Pre-School, Broadoaks School of Education, Whittier College



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YOU, YOUR CHILDREN, AND WAR

Chapter One

WHAT CAN I DO?

 $\mathcal{W}_{\text{e are at war.}}$

The fact came to us, hard and cold, on an unforgettable Sunday morning. We sat at our radios. It was December, 1941, and Christmas was eighteen days off. And suddenly, the message of peace belonging to Christmas was brought to nothingness. Goodwill on earth had been a farce for other nations for the past two years. Good-will on earth for us, too, now seemed suddenly non-existent. The fact that others had been at war was a fact but not a personal, vivid fact until this moment. Now, suddenly, war was a tremendously personal fact—close and absolute. War was suddenly existent for us individually, with the tragic moment of Pearl Harbor.

We are at war.

We, ourselves, not our Canadian neighbors, not the French with whom we had talked and gestured, not the British whose air-raid shelters we had seen several years back, not the gay, sun-loving Italian, not the Chinese with their impassive faces.

We found ourselves asking: What changes will come into our lives? And fearfully: How will we be able to stand what comes? How will we be able to "take it"?

We are at war.

Will we be able to take it courageously, with real bravery that is more than skin-deep?

People take events that come into their lives very differently. One man loses his money. "I was crushed for a while," he admits, "but then I figured, this was a chance to prove myself again. It was like being given a second opportunity. I had done it once. Could I do it another time? That was a challenge."

A second man finds himself in a similar position. "It's no use struggling," he says. "I had money. I lost it. I seem doomed to failure. The world's against me."

Yes, people take things very differently.

How will we take things? Can we, in the face of war, carry on with courage?

We are confused. We are bewildered. We are searching for answers to the countless problems that war has brought, and will bring, into our most personal existence. We can not escape being frightened. War, as it touches us and our families, stands for change and the unknown. The unknown is always frightening. And it is more frightening when we fill its shadows with flying war-planes, with burning fires, with human figures grotesquely twisted, with the inhuman faces of men in monstrous gas-masks.

We can not help being frightened. But we can often grow past our crippling fearfulness. We can come through it, acquiring in the process greater fortitude and courage.

To this end we need guide-posts. We need pointers. We need signs that will help us to choose the road more surely. We need understandings to help us answer questions.

Twelve hundred airplanes, and for every airplane twelve more questions!

A white-faced woman says, "I'm going to have a baby. What can I do to keep his life from being one long torture in this kind of world?"... A tall, blond man leans tensely forward: "What can I do to keep my son from being even as terrified as I was years ago when the last war was here? There was danger then of losing my father. But I never had to face the more frightful danger that confronts my child now—the danger of being dashed into eternity at any moment!"... Two young people, about to be married, stare with hard eyes: "What about us? What can we do to keep up our courage? Here we are wanting to start life together. What kind of life if we're torn apart?"

"What can I do?"

"What can I do?"

"What can I do?"

What can I do to keep my own courage up? What can I do to explain this war to my children? What can I do to keep them from being afraid of air-raids and of killings? What can I do to keep myself from

being so anxious that I communicate anxiety to them? What can I do to help my children remain civilized and human, as free as possible from the inescapable intolerances that arise at these moments? What about the wholesale and barbaric desire to punish all aliens, regardless of offense, which permeates a nation at times such as these? What can I do to keep democracy alive now and in the future? What can I do—in the face of wholesale slaughter—to help my children live and let live as their heritage of the democratic way demands? What can I do to help them, and myself, from going under? To live bravely, in a world gone mad?

Most of these are questions of so-called morale. They deal with our wonderings, our doubts, our fears, and with our noble and valiant desire to pass through this present ordeal with heads as high as we can hold them and with as much strength in our hearts as we can muster. They boil down essentially to one question, "What can we do with our innermost feelings so that we, and ours, may come through with courage?"

Courage spells the safeguarding of our country's future. It protects the transmission of a way of life that we have long sheltered and held dear but that has slowly been moving from us. We need to maintain courage through the days and nights of war. We need to carry it on into the days and nights that come after. We need courage mightily if we are to pull ourselves and our children out of the desolation that inevitably follows such mass conflict. Let our men and our tanks, our guns and our planes fight the

good fight. Let them win. Even then, though, we will not really have won unless a young generation is marching forward, possessing within itself the stamina to carry on whatever we have managed to save.

The present holds the germ of the future. We can live these next years, and let our children live these years, in a fashion that makes terrific inroads. We can bring ourselves and our children through the experience of war in such fashion that we leave on the soil of our land a generation of hardened criminals, of helpless fools and cringing weaklings. Or we can bring ourselves and our children through this same experience with a courage that implies the continuous virile facing of life, the continuous constructing of a new and better day.

We must realize clearly that the same problem can be met in different ways. The man who lost his money and welcomed another chance at success certainly met his problem differently from the man who felt that trying was useless because the world was against him. Their ways were two different ways of meeting the same problem. Several different ways of meeting the same problem may be ours.

No pat recipes are available. And yet, modern psychology has made discoveries which we can use to help us build greater courage. If we were building anything else, we would equip ourselves with the tools and the knowledge of how the tools worked. Tools for building morale are psychological tools. Psychological understandings can serve us in the solving of the kinds of problems now confronting us.

New types of understanding may lead to new types of solution. How we meet our problems in the days and nights ahead will depend, for one thing, on the psychological insights that we can muster for the task.

The chapters that follow apply psychological concepts to many of the questions that parents are asking in regard to the building of morale. Many are realizing that courageous parents and a courageous child somehow go together. Many are realizing that deepened understandings can lead parents to achieve greater courage. Many are wanting, therefore, to approach their present questions with tools that can help them build new life.

Pointers toward Perspective

- On the shoulders of to-day's children lies the hope of America's future.
- 2. To-day's children are dependent on to-day's parents for their fear and their courage.
- Parents can help children to take the war years in stride. But to do so, they themselves must take them in stride.
- It isn't alone what happens to you; it's the way you take it.

PARENTS CAN RAISE THEIR OWN MORALE THROUGH PSYCHOLOGICAL UNDERSTANDINGS.

Chapter Two

SHALL WE SPEAK OF FEAR?

HOLD THE HEAD HIGH. Carry on. Don't talk or think about things which bring fear. Speak about pleasant ones instead. Make your mind turn from anxious thoughts to brighter ones.

This is one line of procedure which far too many people are advocating for to-day's family living. As if a fish were ever less a fish for not being looked at.

The hiding of fear is too frequently confused with being courageous.

Two people pass the scene of an automobile accident. One turns his head aside and says, "It's too horrible. I must hurry on. I mustn't notice...." The other stops. He gets out. He surveys the scene, sees if he can help, evaluates what has happened on the basis of what he learns, and then rides on. For blocks, the first one's heart is in his mouth. "Perhaps some one was killed. No. Don't think about it.... What was that dark spot under the car.... No. Don't think. Look at the sign-board. Not a cough...did I hear him coughing? Is that what the death rattle sounds

like? No, don't think.... Notice the mountains. The red sun setting. Red like blood. No. Don't think."

In contrast, the second one breathes a sigh of relief. "Imagine, turning over like that and getting only a nose-bleed. Lucky devil." And his mind passes smoothly on to other concerns. He has seen and faced the situation and has found it less bad than had he let it remain unseen.

A thing faced is always less devastating than a thing unknown and dreaded. No matter how serious the problem may be, if we look at it squarely it hurts us less than if we attempt to keep it hidden from ourselves. The navy wives whose husbands have been on battle-ships in the war zones know this fact well. As one woman says: "Four months ago I got the notice that my husband was missing. Missing. Nobody knows what a terrible word that is until it's struck home. Missing. It could mean anything. It could mean that he'd gone down on one of the ships at Pearl Harbor and had not been found. I kept saying to myself, 'Now, stop worrying. Stop being frightened. Everything will be all right.' But you don't know how horrible it was. Not knowing was unbearable. I couldn't sleep. I smiled at people. I told myself I wasn't scared. That kept up for two months. And then I got the second notice. My husband had been killed....It may sound strange. But, somehow, that was easier to take. I guess it was better to know the worst than to imagine things and to keep trying not to. When it did happen, and when I knew it had happened, I was able to meet it." She had found out

that no matter how shattering an event may be, it becomes less so when it is known and faced. While her husband was missing, she had no choice. The situation was more intolerable for her because she had no chance to know or face what had happened.

Some of the British women tell us, similarly, that they were more frightened by their anticipation of air-raids than by the actual raids. They were more frightened by what they did not know than by what occurred. "We expected the raids to come, of course. We knew the Jerries would fly over. We told ourselves nobly that we weren't afraid. We didn't admit it to ourselves, but as I look back now, we were terrified and uncertain. I remember, I was reading a book one day. I'd read about twenty pages when I suddenly realized I hadn't understood a word of what I'd read. I did everything that way, with the outward part of myself. But the inner part was insulated, as it were. Pinched together, trying to hide my fear from my own eyes, so that I was in a shell, tight and miserable, but externally cheery. And then when the Jerries did come, we found we could manage. We knew what was up. We saw what happened in a raid. I knew then that I was mightily frightened—all through me. But knowing was somehow a relief. I wasn't cramped and hampered any more. I seemed freer to do what needed to be done. Essentially I was less afraid than when I'd tried to hide my fear."

In one way or another, we have all discovered this same truth in our everyday living. When we have squarely faced whatever confronts us, we are better

able to take it courageously. Some of us, for instance, have had bodily symptoms that proved distressing. We have wondered, "What's wrong? Why do I have these pains? Perhaps something serious is the matter...." And we go on and on. We imagine the worst kinds of disease-heart trouble, cancer, the onset of infantile paralysis. Fear mounts. It grows worse with each day's rising uncertainty. Then comes a clear diagnosis. And we find ourselves suddenly able to bear it. The verdict may be far from welcome. And yet, because we can squarely see what is wrong, we find that we have courage to meet it. Knowing that surgery lies ahead has often proved much less terrifying than the period of waiting to find out what the trouble might be. A person may still be afraid, but he knows what he is afraid of. His fear is then easier to bear.

Take little things. We have all known fright in the dark—a tensing within—over the cracking of a floor-board, over the sudden reflection of light on the wall-paper, or over swift rustling through the bushes under the bedroom window. The boards cracking may be a burglar's footstep or merely avowal of humidity's changing. The light on the wall may be a prowler's flash-light or merely the message of a passing car. The swift rustling in the bushes may be a lurking figure. But again it may be only the sliding body of the neighbor's gray cat. The fact that the evidence is unseen and unidentified endows it with fear-producing potentialities. When the switch turns on, or the morning sun arrives, we laugh at our childishness of

the night. And yet, we realize that the uncertainty born in darkness did deepen the shadow of fear.

Knowledge brings courage. It is far better to face what we fear than to try to hide it from ourselves. For too many years we have too often believed that turning the head aside was the best method of handling fear. "Don't think of it. Think of more pleasant things." Such advice has been far too patent. "You are going to have a baby. How lovely. What, my dear? You are afraid? Why, you mustn't think of the labor pains. It's morbid to dwell on them. Think of all the lovely phases of bringing a dear little baby into the world."... If you are learning to ride or drive or swim, the last thing to admit is that you're afraid. If you are going to the dentist it is "sissy" and "soft" and "weak" to admit fear. These are far too common methods of approach. They are so common that we have been made afraid to be afraid. If only we could realize with sureness that these are worse than ostrich-in-the-sand methods. They are not feardecreasing; they are fear-increasing methods. They do not in the least eliminate fear; they merely shove fear out of sight. Once hidden, it festers beneath the surface and spreads.

Sometimes after we have hidden our fears from ourselves, we believe that we have successfully forgotten them. But, if we watch ourselves carefully, we will notice a curious phenomenon. We will see that we have grown more tense or more tight, more constantly fatigued, more enervated, or more restless. We fail to connect these new qualities in ourselves

with the fears we believe ourselves to have conquered. And yet, these qualities *are* connected, and very directly connected, with the supposedly forgotten fears. They are disguised forms in which the fears come back into awareness.

Fear can not be downed and lost by denial or by hiding. Fear is too persistent and insistent. When we shove it under, it invariably rises in disguised forms. Like the caterpillar it emerges from the darkness of its enveloping cocoon, in moth-like shape and gray color unrelated to those which it once bore. Whenever we shove it into the dark and deny it, fear recurs in shapes rarely recognizable to us. Its disguises are many. The sudden nightmare, the attack of indigestion, the vague sense that something is wrong, the restless anxiety, the nervous headache, the stifffingered feelings of ever-present pressure, the overreactive irritability with those whom we love-these often are hidden fears returning in disguised forms. The bed-wetting of our children, their finger-nail biting, their fidgetiness, their shynesses-these, often, are the fears we have helped them deny, rising in peculiar transformations. We may have helped ourselves and our children to hide fear, but we have not helped ourselves or our children to conquer fear. In fact, we have only intensified our fear and theirs. By hiding it we have permitted it to assume such a variety of disguises that it comes to pervade the whole of our lives. It besets us at any and all times. It sits by us at table and stands at our bedside. Although out of sight, it is not out of being. We are like the

man who, passing the scene of the automobile accident, had tried to put fear from his mind. He had not done well. His fear had kept recurring. It might have recurred instead in disguised forms. He might have found himself impulsively reaching for more cigarettes than usual. He might have felt "jumpy" or "all worn out." We need to be more like the other driver, who faced what lay before him. He faced his fear. He was then able to find reassurance and move on.

Facing our fears does, in general, help us find reassurance. One of the best ways to bring ourselves to do this is to talk about our feelings. Talking out an issue possesses several values. It serves as a means of bringing the issue into focus. As we talk we are attempting at least to look at that which we fear. Talking also brings relief. As we talk we get rid of some of the tension that we have felt. We begin to feel easier. Furthermore, talking helps to clarify matters that have entered into producing fear. As we talk, the whole scheme of many things that have seemed overpowering or complicated grows more simple and manageable. In short, talking can enable us to squarely face fear, to gain some relief, and to see our way more clearly.

A small incident in the life of one person illustrates all three aspects. The girl was in her twenties. She had graduated from college and for the past two years had been working toward her master's degree. The day of the final examination rolled around. When she came into the room where the examining committee was waiting to besiege her with questions, her hands were cold and her mouth dry. She might have said to herself, "I'm not afraid." Had she done that, it is quite possible that the fear would have risen in the disguised forms of unclear answers or illogical thinking. But she did not deny her fear. She came in, smiled in answer to the preliminary greetings, and in an open and friendly manner said, "I'm glad to see you, but I am afraid of you." One of the examiners laughed a companionable laugh in return. The others followed suit. "I guess it's natural," the girl went on, "for people to be afraid when they come up for their final examinations." She sat down. "There," she said, "now that I've talked about it, I feel better." And she sailed into the first question with clarity and with poise. Even in the small bit of talking that she had done, she had managed to face her trepidation, to get some of it "off her chest," and to clarify her thoughts.

It is not always so easy. And yet, many of us can do the same sort of thing with proper attempt. "Yes, I am afraid" is the proper approach—not "No, I'm not frightened."... "Yes, I can talk about it"—not, "I must not think of fear."... These are important realizations in times of war.

Naturally we are afraid in these days of our years. We are bound to be afraid of possible bombings; of losing our menfolk; of having our children injured. We are bound to be afraid of the altered modes of life confronting us, and the shifting of ancient values: the going without things that have seemed essential,

the breaking up of households, the necessity to hunt jobs where jobs have never before seemed imperative, the new rankings as to which types of work bring status, realignment as to which persons possess status—a million and one elements inhabiting the strange new world into which war pitches people without preparation.

Fears arise of necessity in the midst of the countless changes and uncertainties that are on us. We can not live kaleidoscopically without being sometimes afraid. But hiding our fears is not the better part of wisdom. Facing them is far more effective if we are to live effectively.

Here are two women. They find themselves, like the two motorists, in similar circumstances. Each is married. Each has a child. They are the same age. Each has a husband whose classification falls into the 3A group. Both are worried about the re-classification under discussion on all sides. Both are fearful that their husbands may be called.

The one hid her fear from herself. "I'll get a job when the time comes," she said at first. Later, she decided to line up something immediately. She went for interviews to several prospective employers. When asked by a friend if she were not nervous, she vehemently denied the possibility. "Why should I be afraid?" She told herself just as vehemently that she wasn't. She hid her fear from her own knowledge. But, as it usually does, fear showed itself in disguised form. In the interviews it showed itself in what appeared to be overconfidence or bravado—a mask

which is often worn as a disguise for fear. It kept her from getting the job.

In contrast, the other woman admitted, "Yes, I'm afraid, afraid of so many things ahead. I'm afraid that the time-worn respectability of being a nonworking lady of leisure will no longer be respectable. I've got to do something. Get a job. Work. And yet I'm afraid I won't find a job. I'm afraid that if I find one I won't do well. I've always been afraid. I remember so many times. I was afraid before I went to college...before I went away on that house-party when I was thirteen...when I was a little girl and the old housekeeper left and I hated so to have the new one... I guess before anything new has happened I've got panicky. I've felt I was too small and weak and-something I've never realized beforethat I needed people I knew well to help me: the old housekeeper, my parents, Harry. I guess I've never felt that I could stand on my own very well. I see it now. First I was dependent on my mother and father. Now, since my marriage, I've been dependent on Harry. And soon, if the 3A classification is divided and Harry is drafted, here I'll be with a child on my hands and needing to work. I guessjust like always-I'm afraid now that I'll not be able to stand on my own when it comes to my job.... But I'll just have to manage for once-both for myself and for my child. Why shouldn't I? I'm intelligent enough..."

Such talking out of feelings may prove extremely helpful. But it will need to be done again and again, over and over, until enough fear and bewilderment have been drained off to allow for the venturing of new steps unblocked by too great hesitance. On first view the process may appear to be merely a wallowing in self-pity and complaint. But, as a person experiments with facing such feelings and talking them out, the relieving aspect of the process becomes apparent. He often finds himself freer and more clearly able to think matters through and to meet eventualities.

In the comparison of these two women, there has been much simplification. Actually life situations are far more complicated. Even so, the kind of approach made by the last woman does frequently work, especially if a person is able to talk about how similar fears have entered previously into living. There is a reason for this. The present fear is undoubtedly related to previous ones. Fears grow in chains. The fear of taking a job did not spring up all of itself in the woman mentioned above. It eventuated out of a chain of fears. As she talked, various links in the chain came to light. No doubt many other links remained which did not. None the less, the exposure of one link does often lead down to the unburying of another. With this woman, link number one was the fear of giving up her status of woman-of-leisure. Talking about it led on to link number two, the fear of meeting new things-the new housekeeper, the new experience of college or a house-party. Talking about this in turn led to link number three, the need to lean and depend, with its corollary of a fear of not

being able to be independent and to stand on her own.

It is the same with all of us. All of us possess sequences of fears which we have buried or forgotten. Often the uncovering of one through talking helps us come to the next. As each subsequent one is uncovered, we are able to look at it. It is no longer hidden. It is faced. And this is important. For, as we have seen, facing our fears and admitting them is far better policy than hiding them and letting them disguise themselves. It is a policy which is important not only for our own mental health but for that of our children.¹

It is trite, but essential at this point, to say that the manner in which we handle our own fears has great bearing on our children's fears. A child senses the fears of his parents. No matter how small he is, he senses them. Probably the smaller he is, the more surely does he smell out, as it were, the way his parents feel. It becomes axiomatic, then, to stress the fact that the most important issue in the handling of children's fears during wartime lies in the handling of parents' fears. A parent who can handle his own fears goes far in helping his child to handle his.

Sometimes the frank facing and talking out of our fears will help sufficiently so that their pervasiveness and strength diminish. Sometimes the frank facing and talking out makes life endurable. Sometimes the frank facing and talking out brings new resolution

¹ For discussion of more specific ways of handling children's fears, see chapters three and five.

and clearer thinking and courage in its wake. Sometimes talking to some one close who can be trusted, or talking the thing out to one's self, is effective. But sometimes graver, more concentrated steps must be considered if parents are adequately to handle their fears.

When fears are extreme and gravely disturbing, when fears are persistently present, when fears cripple thought and action, when anxiety rides high, then it becomes even more essential to look them in the face. It becomes more essential to dilute their strength and channel their pervasiveness. But, for this, people need specific help. The wise parent will seek help for himself, knowing that feelings which he can not handle will affect both him and his child. He will be careful, however, that the services he secures are based on sound professional backgrounds. He will not be afraid to put himself in skilled hands.1 He will not jerk away with a shocked expression, announcing to himself and the world that "only people who are crazy need psychiatric help." He will know that now, of all times, in the present state of the world, psychiatric help can prevent problems from becoming extreme. He will know that now, of all times, when human life is extinguished in masses daily, making the best of each remaining human being's capacity is necessary. He will realize that pre-

¹ For a statement as to qualifications of the various types of skilled professional workers, see Lee Edward Travis and Dorothy W. Baruch, *Personal Problems of Everyday Life* (New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1941), Chapter XIV, "Who's the Doctor?" pp. 360-380.

vention and preservation are one and the same. But he will remember all the while that he must tolerate in himself at least a fair amount of fear and anxiety. These are natural and normal under present-day circumstances. He will realize that the well-adjusted person does not despair over despairing sometimes. He does not grow too sad over being sad sometimes. He is not utterly crushed by being crushed sometimes. He knows that these feelings are inescapable for those who live at all sensitively in a world at war.

To Remember

- 1. People are bound to be afraid in a world at war.
- Children sense their parents' fears. A calm exterior may mask inner terror, but it does not fool children. They feel what lies underneath.
- 3. The parent's first task in helping a child to handle fear is to handle his own fear.
- 4. Hiding or denying fear makes it grow.
- 5. Our culture has made us feel that it is weak and unworthy to feel fear. In consequence we tend to hide our fears even from ourselves.
- 6. Facing what is feared makes it less fearful.
- 7. Talking about what we fear helps us to face it, to get it "off our chest" and to clarify our thinking.
- Fears grow in chains. Uncovering one can lead to uncovering the next. Links that come to light can be looked at. Seeing each fear squarely is the first step toward conquering the sum total of fear that all of us carry within.
- 9. Parents need to stop being afraid to be afraid.

FEAR IS NATURAL; IT DECREASES WHEN FACED.

Chapter Three

DON'T MENTION WAR?

To tell or not to tell is an ever-present question in the lives of parents. The facts of life. Shall we tell them? What facts of life? Those of the nineteentwenties-where babies come from? Those of the nineteen-forties-where soldiers go? The harder task, not the merrier one, has come to us later. But, as with the earlier, to say "To tell or not to tell," is to put it far too simply. As with sex education, so with war. Telling was one way of letting a child learn about sex. Not-telling was another. Not-telling could teach him that sex was a behind-a-screen business, that there was something deeply mysterious, perhaps shameful about it; and later-as he remembered back -that it was something not to be talked of, no matter what he did about it. Telling or not telling! He still learned about sex.

Telling or not telling, he still learns about war.

Talk of war blares from the radio.

Talk of war blazes in the head-lines.

Talk of war creeps through the lips of young

and medium young, of old and medium old. It is perpetually present.

How could it be otherwise with war upon us? So, since we must talk of war, talk we must also with our children.

Have you ever come upon a group of people whispering together? And as you approached suddenly felt them fall silent? Have you then wondered: "Why don't they talk in front of me? Why do they close up as soon as I come around?" Have you then felt shoved aside, bothered, chagrined with them, and unhappy with yourself? Have you thought, "They don't want to let me in. Why not? They're just mean... Maybe they have something against me. What's the matter with me, anyway? What's the matter with them?" And, too, have you felt that they were talking about you, and detrimentally at that? And then, have you not grown angry and suspicious, so that the whole experience made you feel like an outcast, that you had lost cohesiveness with the group, that you had lost belongingness in it?

Just so with children whom we exclude from our conversation. So even with children whom we exclude from emotions which grip us strongly. Conversation which we hush when they come around shuts them out. They feel shut out, too, when we brood over troubles that we fail to share with them.

Imagine that you were a child coming into a room where your father and mother were talking. You felt immediately that they were tremendously interested in what they were saying to each other. You felt that they were sharing between them a matter of utmost importance. And then, when they saw that you were there, they turned suddenly silent. Would your trend of feeling not follow the same direction that an adult's does on exclusion from group conversation?

Your father and mother had been discussing the possibility of bombings. The town that day had hummed with similar talk. The moon was right. The weather was right. No wind. No fog. Anticipation of reprisal for the Tokyo raid rode high. Tension had been mounting. Your father and mother, sitting close to each other on the couch, had held their voices low. You had felt that they didn't want you to hear. And now you were sure. They had looked at each other when you came in, exchanging a glance that, in their language to each other, said, "She's only seven. Let's not frighten her. Let's save her from this sort of anxiety. She's so little." But you had mistaken their language. You had understood their look to say, "Keep quiet. She's around now. This is something for us, not for her." You had felt alone and unwanted. As if they didn't trust you sufficiently to take you in. As if they didn't have confidence enough in you to share their concern with you. Didn't they love you enough?

The sudden loss of status that swept over you then! The sudden sense of not belonging. The swift anger at grown-ups for building walls between you and them. The slow-dwindling resentment over being excluded.

Many of us believe that we protect those whom we love by shielding them from matters which disturb

us. But the shield too frequently does not lie between them and that which disturbs. Too frequently it stands between them and us. They feel that we are holding out on them, that we are hiding things from them, that we do not have confidence enough in them. And so we separate them not from the hurt but from closeness with us. We do not save them from hurt; we hurt them instead.

Take, for instance, the portrait in gray of devoted wife number nine hundred ninety-nine. "I mustn't show Tom how worried I am," she bravely resolves. "I definitely must not. But suppose he were sent to Australia. That's what they're doing with the air corps. Or North Ireland—and then? But I've got to keep the chin up and not show him that I'm anxious." ... Meanwhile, home from his instructor's job every evening, Tom feels that something is wrong with his wife. "What have I done now," he wonders, "to offend her? Is our marriage turning sour? Maybe, though, she isn't well. She hasn't been so glum since she was pregnant! Anyhow, she certainly does have a constant chip on the shoulder. Moody. A fine way to treat a man who might be sent over any time. . . ."

Tom's concern mounted because he did not know what the trouble was. He felt shut out. He imagined that he was to blame. "Otherwise," he concluded, "she'd tell me what was what."

Curious! The fact that so much depends on which side of the fence we happen to be on. If we are on the outside, and are forced to stay there, our disturbance grows. Little do we realize that we are being ex-

cluded in order to be saved from hurt. All we know is that the exclusion hurts. But, put us on the inside of the fence, and we do the very same thing that has hurt us when we were outside. We start *protecting* those we love by keeping our fears and apprehensions from them. We fail to realize that such exclusion does not lighten their disturbance.

The time-worn belief that we are saving them is a beautifully misguided bit of fiction. Instead, by holding in our fears, we erect a barrier which is like the group's sudden silence when a new-comer appears. The main difference is that we make the person's hurt deeper when he is some one who loves us and whom we love. The blow then falls harder. We shut him out when he longs to be close. We baffle him and bewilder him and fill him with a sense of isolation. Instead of comforting, we discomfort him. Instead of saving him from suffering, we are making him suffer more. In addition, we keep him in a position where he is bound to sense our fear, but where he can not see it. We are depriving him of a chance to look squarely at the disturbing fear. And this increases his difficulties. For, as we know, fear that is vaguely sensed but actually hidden is far harder to bear than fear that is plainly seen and frankly faced.

We would do far better if we could communicate our troubles. Wife number nine hundred ninety-nine would, for instance, have saved her husband much unnecessary worry had she gone to him and told him what she feared. He might then have comforted her and comforted himself at one and the same time by the closeness resulting from sharing. Talking with each other, telling each other of anxieties, of fears, of other matters which rest heavily on us—such a process is alleviating. We need to communicate with each other concerning those things which trouble us deeply. We must not hide with them. Parents need to communicate similarly with their children. They may not tell their children what is wrong, but their children sense it, none the less.

A case in point comes from London. Many of the British women, it seems, have not wanted to frighten their children by telling them of a father's having gone into battle, having been taken prisoner, even having been killed. Many have built up legends of the father's being "in the north of England," "in the hospital," or what not. One mother told her five-year-old that her father was in Scotland. Actually, the father had been killed. The child, however, sensed the mother's trouble. For, one day, she announced, "I know all about my father. He has been killed and he will never come back." The mother accused the child of lying, to which the child quickly answered, "But you have told me yourself."

And so the mother had. She had told the child by her tension, her voice, her silent tears. She had told the child by actions that were as much communicators as words, except that words would have been

¹ Anna Freud and Dorothy Buckingham, "Report on Hampstead Nurseries," November, 1941 (mimeographed), distributed by Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc., 55 West 42nd Street, New York City.

more helpful. They would have shown the child that the mother had confidence enough in her to let her in. They would not have superimposed the weight of exclusion on to the weight of the father's passing. They would not have deprived the child of the sure knowledge that is always easier to bear than half-knowledge. They would have given the child a chance at the closeness that comes with sharing and the relief that comes with talking things out.

Too often we fail to talk with our children about our fears and burdens. We are afraid that we will make our children afraid. And yet, instead of masking our feelings, we need constantly to remember that fear faced is far easier to bear than fear hidden. We must watch that we are not party to shutting our children out.

But how? we may ask (hesitantly). How can we talk to children about our fears? And (indignantly) this is too big an order. Too hard to do.

Of course, it is hard to do. Hard because, in the first place, we have to be straight ourselves about what is bothering us. We need to have cleared our own vision. This once done, the rest is easy. When we can talk a matter through with ourselves, the next step of interpreting it to our children comes readily.

"What am I afraid of?" That is the first question.

"I know"—if you happen to be wife nine hundred ninety-nine, "Yes, I realize it. I'm afraid that Tom will be weeks away from me, afraid because a flyer's life is so uncertain." Not, "No, don't think of it. No, don't look."

The next step is easy. "I'm unhappy, darling," spoken not only to Tom but to his six-year-old son. And further to the son, more simply than to his father, "I'm worried. We're proud, of course, to have Daddy wearing wings and bars. But those are signs, too, that he's on call. He can be sent off to Australia any day, or to Europe, or to Africa. To any place where there's fighting. I get to feeling low, every so often, when I start thinking of his being gone and when I start feeling afraid of the possibility of his being wounded or killed."

Contrary to our expectations, such interpretation of our feelings to children reduces their fears. It clears the air for them. They know why we are looking unhappy. They know that they are not the cause of our hurt. They feel a closer belongingness which brings comfort. They know we love them because we have trusted them and let them in.

There is no trouble too grave to let children in on. None exists that can not be reduced to their terms and interpreted in words that they can understand. But when our fears are pervasive, when they haunt us, when they overpower us, then our feelings become too grave for children to bear, whether we talk about them or not. The task, then, which confronts us is to take ourselves in hand, get help if necessary, and do something to reduce the weight of the burden that torments us. Remember, it isn't only what happens to us; it's the way we take it.

And so, if we can manage our own fears, we will find it not too difficult to talk with our children. And we will just as readily find that they can handle what we tell.

Another problem arises for us when children start on *their* fears.

Says three-year-old Andy, "Mommy, don't let the Japs come. Don't let them come and hurt me."

"Shh, darling, don't talk about it." Or, "Now, dear, let's read a nice story." Or, "They won't come and hurt you, dear," is an attempt at reassurance about which Mother herself is uncertain.

Such answers do not answer a child's fears. They merely set him to hiding them. We would do better to say, "Tell me more about what you're afraid of." Frankly. Wholesomely. Directly, "Tell me more about what you fear."

This frees the child to go on without fearing that you will add to his fears by being alarmed or angry. Perhaps then he does go on. Perhaps he doesn't. But at least he knows that you are not going to land on him or lead him off the track. He knows that you will be interested and acceptant.

Whereas older children can talk about their fears with varying degrees of ease, younger children can many times play out their fears more readily than they can talk about them. This becomes apparent, as we watch children of two and three, of four and five and six and seven, playing together. As long as we do not step in and curtail their play, we will get many evidences of what is on their minds.

Peter, who is three, for instance, is playing in the nursery-school yard with another three-year-old. The two of them have clambered into upturned wooden boxes.

"We're airplane men and the Japs are fighting us. They're going to kill us." Peter's eyes are wide and frightened. But he goes on, intoning:

"They're going to shoot us, They're going to shoot us, Hurt us and shoot us Dead."

The other child picks up the chant. Their voices rise. Both shriek it several times. And then, suddenly, Peter finds his own way out of the difficulty. He lifts a wooden block high in the air and shouts, "It's a gun." And then to the other child, "Hey, look. Two Jap bombers are going by." He points his gun.

"Boom, boom!
I shot them down."

There ensues an orgy of shooting them down.

Two small boys have conquered, not Jap bombers, but their own fear. As they played they actually did something about their fear. Just as an older person can relieve his fear by talking it out, so have these two relieved theirs by playing it out.

But the grown-up who watches such play has to be able to "take it." If his own fears get in the way, he will be strongly impelled to curtail what the children do. He will probably insist: "Children should be stopped from such war play. They should move on to happier things. It's utterly useless for them to frighten themselves and others." He loses sight of the



Photograph by A. Pierce Artran. Mrs. Bell's Nursery School and Kindergarten, Los Angeles, California.

We're airplane men. We're shooting you dead."

fact that when children are given freedom to talk and play, they bring out their fears and help other children to bring out theirs. They often work through, as did Peter, to a measure of relief.

It need not be a retaliatory shooting down of Jap bombers that brings to a child that reassuring sense of conquering a situation. The child may turn himself into a person whom he considers omnipotent. He may become the doctor, the nurse, even God, and so put himself into the position of being able somewhat to handle what comes. Peter, another time, says, as he puts two dolls away in their bed,

"I'm a Red Cross Doctor.
I'm a Red Cross Doctor.
The baby got hurt
From the war,
And I put him to bed.

"I have two babies in here
That got hurt.
I have another baby
That got hurt.
By the war."

As one listens, one is convinced that Peter alternately identifies himself with the baby who is hurt and the Red Cross doctor. As he becomes the baby, he plays out his fear. As he becomes the doctor, he reassures himself on it.

Lanny, four, plays out the fear he has assimilated concerning air-raids by being the most important person in the affair. He is the air-raid warden.

"I'm an air-raid warden, And every one has to Turn their lights out.

> "Every one turn their lights off. Every one turn their lights off.

"Turn all your lights off. It's an air-raid.

"I'm in your back yard, I'm an air-raid warden.

> "Turn off your kitchen lights, Every light in your house, So it will be dark.

"Or the air-raid bomb Will fall."

But Bruce reassures himself by digging a shelter—a strong bomb shelter where he may go for safety. And Marian becomes un-hurtable by turning herself into an Army tank, impenetrable in full armor.

Sometimes, too, one fear spoken out or played out enables a child to get at another fear. And this is important. For, often, it is not a fear of the war that is actually at the bottom of the child's being afraid.

Take Julia. She is five. She has just built an enclosure of blocks which she calls a "safety house." She says, "This safety house keeps enemies out. They can't find the entrance. There's an entrance that says: 'Entrance—Friendly People.' But it's just for friendlies. Enemies can't find any entrance."

As Julia talks on, she shows that the enemies she fears are not only the Japs and the Germans. By talking, though, and playing about the Japs and the Germans, she is able to get at what lies underneath. She becomes able to express her fear of another enemy, a closer one, and one more deeply feared. Julia's father is her enemy. Or at least Julia feels this, because he is overly severe and frightens her by his strictness and his demands. And so her "safety house" is a place into which he may not come. Only "friendlies" may come there. Inside the safety house, she feels that she can keep him away. But, had she not first played out what she named as a fear of Japs and Germans, she would not have been able to go further and name and face some of the deeper fear.

Of course, we can question again and again, "Why face such things?" But if we, ourselves, have ever had the experience of unburying a fear that has lain hidden, we have been acutely aware of the relief that comes when it has been faced.

With our children there is an additional reason for letting them talk enough and play enough to bring fears to light. Such bringing to light gives us a chance to glimpse what is troubling them. It shows us where we need to reassure them. Only as we see what is wrong can we offer comfort where they need comfort. Only then can we add reassurance to whatever relief they have managed for themselves. When Julia's father knew that she was afraid of his severity, he could reassure her by word and deed that she no longer needed to be afraid.

The older child is often interested in thrashing war questions out. But to the smaller one, an intellectualized answer falls short. He is not searching for a long and logical explanation but rather for reassurances that he is safe. Such reassurance comes best, not in ways that deny danger, but in feelings that are supportive. Extra warm and sincere affection goes much further in bringing reassurance than does a volume of words.

Kate, three, asks, apropos of possible bombings, "Will people be hurt and their legs come off?" Kate's mother answers briefly, "Yes, that can happen if people are in the way of the bombs." But Kate's mother wisely answers after another fashion, by an extra dose of cuddling. And this reassures Kate far more than mere words could have done, even had they held complete denial of possible harm.

"Why do people drop bombs?"... "Why do we have blackouts?"... "Will we have to leave home and will Mommy go with us?"... "If the sirens blow and I'm in bed, will you come and get me?"... "Will the Germans shoot us?" These are all questions that demand reinforcement of the fact that a child is loved rather than verbose explainings. The certainty of our loving him goes far in offsetting the countless uncertainties we are bound to feel in times of war.

Except for the certainty of our loving them, we may be able to offer only uncertainties to our children. Uncertainties are all that we ourselves feel. But uncertainties shared are better than uncertainties hidden. At least, our children then have the comfort

of being taken into our confidence. They see our willingness to share our doubts with them. This is tangible evidence of closeness. And it is the closeness that is more important than anything else. It helps bring security in the midst of doubt. When you know that you are loved enough to have some one whom you love share inner feelings with you—that in itself gives you strength and courage. That in itself brings a kind of certainty that transcends the countless uncertainties current during war.

Said Ken's mother, herself uncertain, but sharing her uncertainty with her five-year-old son, "No, I don't know if the Japs will bomb us. And sometimes I'm just as afraid as you are about it."

"What'll we do if they come?" Ken pressed her.

"Oh," she answered, "we'll go down into the cellar."

"Where all the cans of peaches and pears are?" She nodded. "It's safest there."

"But suppose they come right before dinner! Will we have to go down from the kitchen right before dinner?"

"Yes."

"When we're hungry?"

"Yes."

"What'll we take with us?"

"A candle, of course," she answered, thinking that he might be afraid of the dark.

"Oh, gee, Mom, couldn't we take a can-opener, too?"

Then she realized that Ken's fear had been dis-

pelled in the presence of talking. She had been uncertain. But she had trusted him and loved him enough to share her feelings with him. That had helped, as trust and love and confidence always do help in times of stress.

To Chink About

1. This is often what happens:

War makes us afraid.

We do not talk about it but hold fear in.

Those who are sensitive to us get our feelings. They know that something is wrong, but they do not know what.

This shuts them out. It makes them feel isolated, alone, untrusted.

It makes them feel a loss in status and belongingness. It makes them resentful toward us for shutting them out.

2. This is what we can do instead:

Set ourselves straight as to what it is that we fear.

Talk about it. Share it. Let those who are close to us in on what is wrong.

This sets them straight. They find it easier to take the actuality of what we tell them than to stand the possibilities that lie in that which we do not tell them.

- 3. We need to realize that trust and confidence and love are far more reassuring to children than long explanations and denials of danger.
- 4. We need to encourage children to talk out and play out their fears.

GETTING FEAR OFF THEIR CHESTS
CAN HELP OUR CHILDREN LIVE
MORE COURAGEOUSLY
THROUGH THE WAR.

Chapter Four

TALK OF KILLING

WHENEVER WE PURSUE the policy of letting children speak out what is on their minds, we sooner or later run into talk of killing. Sometimes such talk is mildly ferocious, sometimes as gory as even the bloodiest could wish.

"We're going to kill the Germans," shricks Billy. "Bang, bang, bang," pointing a stick at an imaginary foe. "Bang. They're dead."

The enemy may be an unseen figment of thin air. The enemy may be a tree, a post, a rock. The enemy may be another child. Even a grown-up.

Sandy is three-and-a-half. He takes a lump of clay. He pulls it apart. He pulls the smaller pieces apart. Apart and apart. "I'm killing them," he says. "Those old Japs are getting beaten. Bombs are flying all over and they're dying all over. I'm killing them dead."

"I'm killing them dead" is talk so common that there probably is no mother in the land who has not heard it said. It is as if all the hounds of hell had been suddenly unleashed in these, our sweet little children, since the beginning of the war.

Two five-year-olds scream, "Oh-h-h-h War!"

And one: "We're having a war. I'm loading this gun. You're shot. Here comes another shoot. That was a ball of fire. You're shot. I shot a spear at you."

The other: "Bang-g-g!"

The one: "Fire! Here goes a big bomb. The people of the town are getting shot up. Are you afraid? (Hopefully.) Here's an explosion coming. Bombs. Crashing everywhere. I threw a bomb. It crushed against you. You're going to get dead. The people of the town are all going to get dead...."

This sounds all too familiar. Similar talk of killing runs rampant among children, whether they live in New York or California, Vermont or Mississippi.

Why? Why this seeming desire to bring death and destruction, "to make you dead"?

"It's the most ridiculous thing," says one intelligent mother. "My child's never seen a bomb. I doubt if he has even the vaguest notion as to how to identify a Japanese, much less a German. And yet, there's real zest in killing them dead. I'm puzzled as to what it means."

Many of us with small children would echo her question. Many with older children might rephrase it but would be asking essentially the same thing.

Shooting of vague enemies—shadows on the ground, phantoms in the air. Taking other children as enemies. Taking grown-ups as enemies, too. What does it all mean?

Listen to Bob. Sidney, larger and more powerful, has just hit him. So Bob turns on Sidney and explodes:

"You're naughty.
I'll drop you in Alaska
And a whale will swallow you.
I'll hit you with a broomstick.
I'll drop you from an airplane,
And drop you on the dirty yellow Japs."

And, calling out to others to bring on the reinforcements,

"Let's put him in a circle of men.
And then all the men will come forward
And SMASH him."

Or listen to Edith yelling at Kingsley, who has just grabbed her pet black engine away from her:

"This is WAR.
I'm going to bomb you.
That will crush you...."

She runs behind him screaming that she is going to "crush him dead."

The children who are threatened with killings are to a small degree enemies of those who so threaten. Sidney is enemy to Bob. He has shown this fact to Bob when he hit him. Kingsley is enemy to Edith. He has proved it by pulling the engine away. Five minutes ago they were friends. Five minutes from now, they may be friends again. But now—in this

important minute—they are enemies. They must be vanquished, got rid of, killed.

But how about similar words to an adult?

Take Barbara and Joan. They are playing in a room together when the teacher in the kindergarten appears to tell them that it is time for them to come to rest. They turn on her. And one tirades:

"We'll shoot you.
We're American soldiers.
This is a big battleship.
You dirty sea.
You're a Jap.

You old slug. You old Japanese sea slug. I'll burn you up."

Or take Mary, who is seven, when her mother says she has to eat the abhorrent beets on the plate in front of her. She glares:

"Someday ,
Somebody's
Going to come
And make you do things.

Someday Somebody's Going to Take a bomb And kill you."

Or take eleven-year-old Evelyn, whose father has just said, "No movie to-night, my dear. It's a school

night." Evelyn scowls: "Just you wait till the Japs come over. They'll get you, all right."

These grown-ups are for the moment enemies also. A moment before, or a moment hence, they may be dearly beloved. But not for the present moment. Now they are enemies. They must be vanquished, got rid of, killed. Anything so that they will stop getting in the way of what is desired.

Nor is the same pattern of feeling uncommon among adults. Let a man stop another man from putting through a profitable deal. Nine chances to ten, he will be regarded as an enemy. "He was against me. . . . He got the better of me on that deal. . . . He won out. . . ." These are common phrases, meaning only one thing: "He is my enemy." Let a woman happen to be attractive to a man coveted by another woman. Nineteen times in twenty, she will be regarded as an enemy. "She's a cat. Not to be trusted. She knifed me in the back." Again one connotation: "My enemy."

Those who keep us from doing what we want or obtaining what we desire, those who force us to do things against our will rather than furthering what we want to do, are our enemies. Perhaps with our reason we say, "That's a silly attitude." None the less, with our emotions we embrace the attitude. Those who block and frustrate us are our enemies. No wonder, then, that we want to strike back at them, get even, get the better of them, or be rid of them entirely.

The same with our children. When we block or frustrate them, they want to strike back at us, get even, get the better of us, or be rid of us entirely. For the last, there is no better way than killing. And apparently that is just what children have in mind when they speak of killing.

"I want to kill you" is merely one way, and a very fine way indeed, of saying, "I want to be rid of you." "I want to hurt you" is merely one way of speaking of milder retaliatory leanings.

"Mommy," asks Sandra, "will you die soon?"

"Why, no, darling," comfortingly.

"But will you die some day?"

"Of course, darling."

"Not soon, though?"

"No, darling. I won't die soon."

"Why not, Mommy?"

"But why should I, darling?"

"So I could go out and play and play all day long. So I'd never have to come in and do things."

Sandra has struck at the root of the matter. She would like to be rid of her mother. She would like to go her own way. She wants to be rid of her mother's commandings. She wants to be rid of having to come in and do things. Her mother's dying would be an excellent way through the dilemma. Then, Mother neatly disposed of, Sandra would be able to play and play, all day long.

Tony's anger when his mother removes the wad of carefully hoarded chewing-gum from under the bedboard has similar intent. Tony yells, "You leave that gum alone, you. Don't you throw it in the incinerator. If you do, I'll put a stink-bomb under you and blow your leg off and then you won't be able to snoop around any more. You'll be laid up for a good long time."

Killing is the most effective way to be rid of a person who harasses and frustrates. Hurting is a second way, although a bit more temporary. The small child has little concept of what being dead means. Take, as example, a certain four-year-old who kept saying to a new puppy dog, "I wish you were dead." Because the puppy was new and puppyish he was much the center of attention. The four-year-old for the first time in his young life had to take a back seat. And so, whenever the puppy pulled at shoe-strings, or nibbled at toys, a ready foot would kick at him, and an unhappy voice would reiterate, "I wish you were dead." The climax came when puppy ate a coveted piece of cake that Junior had left on a too low chair. Junior flung the hammer at the puppy. "I wish you were dead; then I'd be rid of you and your nonsense." And puppy was dead. The hammer had struck too vital a spot.

Junior went over to the small black body. He examined it carefully. Then, in a bewildered voice, he cried for his mother. She came running. She asked what had happened. Sobbing, Junior related the details, too bewildered to try to hold any out.

"Well," cried Mother, "that's what you get. You kept saying you wanted him to be dead. And now he is..."

"But," wailed Junior, "I didn't think he'd be like that."

Getting rid of puppy by wishing him dead and finding puppy actually dead were two quite different things.

And so, because small children do not know what death means, Sandra and Junior, and others like them, can conveniently conjure up death, believing firmly that they can readily conjure back the person whenever said person is needed. The older child has more conception of the permanency of death. And so he prefers to threaten hurt, as did Tony. Hurt is not irreparable. Hurt can be healed. The injured person can be restored to potency when needed. But for all intents and purposes, the hurt can, for the time being, keep the enemy away. At least, it makes the child feel that he is venting his fury, getting even and ridding himself of pressures (like cursing when one is a child no longer).

"But," we may ask, "why should so many children feel that they need to get even, or that they need to be rid of pressures? I can understand a child wanting to kill or hurt a parent who is cruel and mean. But look at me. My child's just as bad. He wants to kill and drop bombs on me all the time. And I'm good to him. Not harsh at all. I bring him up carefully, so that he has the right food to eat, regular hours, warm clothes...."

We fail to realize that we often overburden a child by bringing him up too well. Proper food, regular hours, and all the rest often sum up into a mass of pressing regulations. We fail to realize that a great deal of good bringing up can make pretty rough going.

Many, many mothers have conscientiously and seriously tried during the last two decades to do a thoroughly good job of bringing up children. The "don't-spoil" motif has been at the bottom of their efforts. If we take stock of what we ourselves have done, we will probably find that we can number ourselves among those who have mustered consistent effort to bring up our youngsters according to Hoyle. Let us examine what has happened.

First thing was that we were careful to follow the regulated feeding schedule. Three- or four-hour intervals? Yes. By the clock. Perhaps if baby yelled we yielded five or ten minutes. But if baby started to yell after three hours when he was supposedly on four-hour intervals, we would brace ourselves and say, "Now's the test. I simply mustn't give in. I'd have a spoiled brat if I did."

We have not known until very recently that different babies have different hunger cycles. Some burn up fuel much faster than do others. Their metabolic rate is more rapid. Some become acutely and painfully hungry after a much shorter period than do others. (Notice the words acutely and painfully, especially the latter.)

Now suppose you were painfully and acutely hungry. And suppose you had recently come to a land inhabited by strange people. Suppose further, that you were lying prone, unable to get up and walk to

where food was kept. Suppose, on top of this, that you did not speak the same language as the people around you, so that you found yourself unable to communicate your wants to them. There you were, unable to move, unable to make people understand, and with the gnawing, disquieting pain of hunger inside.

with the gnawing, disquieting pain of hunger inside.

How would you be feeling under these conditions?

Would you believe that the people on whom you had descended were friendly people? Would you feel that they had your welfare at heart? When you spoke to them in your language and they made not the slightest sign of attempting to understand, would you feel that they were harsh and hard?

If you have used sufficient imagination, if you have truly put yourself into the picture, you will know how a baby feels when he is hungry and in pain. He does not, of course, put his feelings into so many words; not even into consecutive thoughts. He is, however, no less disturbed. He can not move toward righting his wrong. The only thing he can do is to communicate in his language, the language of crying. But his language is ignored or grossly misunderstood. We unfortunately do not say, "There goes my baby telling me that something is wrong with him—probably that he's hungry. I'm glad he's letting me know." Unfortunately, we say instead, "There goes that baby yelling again. He's too naughty for words." We feel then that we are righteously right. He feels that we are woefully cruel. We keep him uncomfortable and in pain. We are hard and harsh.

And so, too often, we start him out in life feeling that we are not kind. We forget how helpless he is. When he cries in bewilderment over the nameless things that may frighten babies, we again ignore his cry. Why have we for so many years thought of a baby's crying as a sign of naughtiness rather than as a sign that he is attempting to communicate with us? Why have we failed to see that when he cries, he is trying to let us know that all is not well? Why have we consistently ignored his only means of letting us know? Why do we continue to disregard what our disregard must do to him? When he cries to communicate pain, he craves comfort instead of disregard. We have learned, too, that the one way of deep comfort for him lies in being held close, physically close to his mother. The warmth of her, the feel of her body, combined with the cuddling and stroking that she gives him—these tell him that he is safe, that there is some one at hand to protect him, that he is loved and wanted.

Touch is a language he can understand. It is universal language that we all understand. When we are hurt and in pain, we know how comforting it is to have a hand to cling to. When we are bewildered and in trouble, we know how comforting to be held close. When we are unhappy, we know how relieving to be caressed. The language of bodily contact is a language that carries universal meaning. It communicates, in deep and primitive terms, the all-important facts of warmth and closeness and love.

But, because of misguided beliefs, we make our-

selves ignore these truths. And so, we deny to our babies the comforting message of lovingness that cuddling can bring them. We fear that if we cuddle them too much we will, again, spoil them. How much more truly we do, however, spoil them by letting them go without close holding when they are in distress. How much more we spoil them by leaving them to "cry it out." For we make them feel then that the world does not care about their troubles and their pain. We cause them to feel that their efforts at communicating what is wrong must go unheeded. We burden rather than relieve them. Why should they not, then, as they grow older, feel that they would like to be rid of us? We have proved ourselves far from benign and tender. We have been hard and harsh.

We are learning that all babies need a lot of cuddling. They need periods of being held close to their mothers in order to feel secure and wanted. Mothers who nurse their babies automatically give them bodily closeness, but we are well aware that many mothers no longer breast-feed their infants. In one sampling, to be specific, only thirty-seven out of one hundred and eleven babies had been breast-fed. And of these, only five had been breast-fed longer than six months. Of those who were nursed, almost half were breast-fed not longer than one month and three-fourths not longer than three months. Had the mothers realized how essential cuddling was, they would

¹ The data cited here concerning the group of 111 children are taken from the writer's report "Therapeutic Procedures as Part of the Educative Process," *Journal of Consulting Psychology*, Septem-

have made up for not giving it during nursing by furnishing it at other times. But they did not.

"If I'd only known," said one, "how much babies do need to be cuddled, I certainly would have done plenty of it. I wanted to. But I'd been warned, 'Now, leave your child alone. Don't touch him any more than you have to.' I bathed him on a bathinette, not on my lap. I fed him in his crib, not in my arms. I can see it so well as I look back. By not cuddling him, I failed to show him that I loved him. He's got it in for me in return, now. He's resentful as all outdoors."

It is curious the way children store up resentment. (Grown-ups, too.) They cover it over with coatings of politeness and coatings of sweet phrases, with good little deeds of kindness, with long stretches of consideration. And then, pop, out it comes. Perhaps a most trifling thing sets it off. What explodes, however, is not resentment over the trifling event. What explodes is resentment over the many frustrations and deprivations that have been simmering below the surface since the earliest days of life. We have all experienced explosions "over nothing," or exaggerated upsets over trifles. Watch your child and see the same thing. "Aha!" at last enlightened. "He's that way because of those frustrations."

Frustration number one: Having been left to suffer the pain of hunger. Waiting till the clock struck the correct hour of feeding.

ber-October, 1940. Reprints are obtainable from the New York State Committee for Mental Hygiene of the State Charities Aid Association, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City. Frustration number two: Having been denied the cuddling experiences that all babies need to help them feel loved and wanted.

Frustration number three: Having been denied comfort when he cried in attempt to communicate that he was in trouble. Having been left instead to "cry it out" and simultaneously to feel deserted and unloved.

Frustration number four: Having been deprived of the good warm pleasure of sucking. We know now that a baby needs to suck for the sake of sucking rather than for the sake of food-getting alone. He gains deep and gratifying pleasure from sucking. But do we let him suck? No. We let him nurse for a limited period only. This means that we deprive him too frequently of the length of sucking he desires. He then takes his thumb as a convenient substitute. And we are at him. Discomfort upon discomfort. Smooth, inflexible globular mitts around his fists. Hard, unyielding cuffs at his elbows. Thumb-guards hurtful to soft lips and tender gums. Torturesome devices of countless types. Even though the satisfaction of sucking is imperative to him. (And, incidentally, could do him no harm. For we are at last cognizant of the fact that crooked teeth result from hereditary factors, not from the naughty little thumb.)

Frustration number five: Being forced to "achieve cleanliness, my dear, before you know what cleanliness means." "Be clean and dry" before the muscles on which cleanliness and dryness depend are matured enough for efficient control of elimination.

We all know how frustrated and helpless we become when we are called on to accomplish a task that is too difficult. "Cold perspiration and all that!" We feel weak and cold and impotent. Sore at ourselves. And sore at the world for pushing us with demands that we can not fulfil.

The infant's muscles on which bowel control depends do not mature until he is around nine months old. And yet, many mothers start training during the first two or three months. In the group cited above, for example, training was undertaken under six months for two-thirds of the children, and under three months for one-third. The muscles on which complete urinary control depends are not fully developed until the child is approximately four-and-a-half. And yet most mothers expect complete control around two. How helpless and incapable a child must feel when he can not accomplish such fundamentals. His mother expects and keeps expecting. He fails and keeps failing. He is frustrated day in and day out from obtaining the satisfaction of feeling adequate to achieve.

Frustrations number six, seven, eight, and further: "Don't touch," as a constant refrain, when seeing means touching in his young life. "Keep nice and clean," when dirt means messing full-fistedly. "Don't fight," at the very age when disagreeing means fighting. Don't put hands near genitals even though he has discovered comforting pleasure in the contact. (And even though we realize at last that insanity and

a large bulk of human woes are in no way connected.) "Don't be naughty now," when a "No" expresses true feelings by being naughty. Don't protest, don't show anger, when a child is full of protest and venom down to the deepest part of himself. Full of anger over the frustrations and denials that have been heaped on him.

No wonder that he grows older, knowing that we are hard and harsh. No wonder that his resentment has piled up against us. No wonder that he wants to bomb and shoot and hurt and kill and be rid of us. Through all the supposedly kind and well-meaning "good-bringing-up" of him, we have too frequently hurt him. We are his enemies.

And so, when Tony wishes to be rid of his mother because she has thrown his precious wad of chewinggum in the incinerator, he is not wishing to be rid of her for that offense alone. He is wanting to be rid of her because of past offenses. Like Tony, many another child stores up resentment against his mother for past offenses. He loves her dearly at times for the many satisfactions she has helped to bring him. But at other times he resents her vigorously for the many satisfactions she has curtailed. He has stored up resentment, too, against his father. After all, his father has upheld his mother in her demands. His father has, on top of that, inflicted sterner discipline. He has, then, also perhaps felt resentment against brothers or sisters who usurped his place and made him take the beggar's share of whatever attention his parents gave. He has, moreover, found in far too many instances that Mother and Father did not get along well together. Their tension communicated itself to him. He has basically needed a safer haven in which to grow and develop. The quicksand of living on top of discord has made him feel endangered. He does not know why he blames his parents for this discomfort; he is not even aware that he blames them. But so he does. He senses with sureness that they are at the bottom of what makes him unhappy. They have made life hard and harsh.

And now, on top of this tall heap of troubles, comes WAR. A whole new set of tensions plagues and harasses him. Reflections of the troubles that have fallen on his elders. Painful fears of his own. But war brings with it not only new tensions. It brings with it also a new vocabulary for release of tensions, and a feeling that release at last is sanctioned by the grown-up world.

These two points can become clearer if we have realized, first and foremost, that the resentments which children express are not war-born and new. These resentments are, however, being expressed in new terms and with greater freedom. Before the war, children expressed the same kinds of sentiments but in different terms. Or they held them under because they lacked sanctioned terms in which to express them.

Said one child in pre-war days of a brother who was more talented, more appreciated, and therefore envied:

"I will stick him in the stomach And burst him open. I will stick him with a knife, And kill him with a rake."

Said the same child in post-war days, concerning the same brother:

"I will make a bomb come down From the sky. And kill him And kill him Dead."

The same sentiments. But said with a different vocabulary. Knives and rakes, nice domestic implements, have now been given up in favor of the bloody implements of war.

But bloodiness there was a-plenty in what children felt and said, long before the war. To wit, the following bit of gore, brought into being three full years prior to Pearl Harbor.

"Someday, I'm going to bring a gun
And kill my sister
And shoot her dead.
And then I'll cut her head off
With a knife.
And then I'll cut everything else off
And I'll let the God out of her
And I'll bring everything for the business
And she'll be dead
And all cut up."

Pretty! But expressive of the feelings that one child had toward a new baby in the family. (Common feelings, too. But held tightly in by many who are afraid to let them out.)

Before the war, however, children were more "private" in giving voice to feelings of this sort. They might think them, but not say them. It simply was not the thing to do. Now it has become the thing to do. And so, feelings that have been stored up and kept under in secret fashion now dare come out. With the advent of war, children hear continuous talk of death and killing. Whereas formerly such talk was hushed, it now is loud and open. This change is bound to convince children that at last such talk is sanctioned. As a result, out they come with that which they formerly kept in. By virtue of radio, press, movies, and grown-ups, the hostility which children feel within themselves is upheld. The hostility that they have felt all along toward mother, father, brothers, sisters, can at last come out, clothed in new and sanctioned phraseology. Hostility runs rampant in the adult world: why should it not run rampant in their world? Adults can no longer say, "We don't talk of killing." We do. So why should children not talk of killing, also?

What to do about all this venting of hostility? Shall we consider it terrible? Or do we suspect that it may have a constructive side to it? How shall we handle it? And if we handle it wrongly what may happen?

But these questions constitute several other stories. (Shades of the serial, next month's movie, or the next week's magazine instalment.) Meaning here simply: See the next two chapters.

More to Chink About

- 1. Children talk a lot about killing in their war play. This is caused behavior. It is not an indication that the child is by nature bloody and cruel.
- Talk of shooting and bombing and killing does not express sentiments suddenly born with the advent of war. Such talk expresses sentiments that were present long before. War talk merely clothes such sentiments in new terms.
- 3. Talk of killing rises out of feelings of hostility caused by the countless frustrations and deprivations which we make children endure in the course of bringing them up "properly."
- 4. War play is more truly directed at close-by enemies. The Japs and Germans are merely named because they are safer and more sanctioned objects to let out at.
- 5. Parents have often unwittingly become the child's enemy by pressing and blocking him.
- It is human and natural to want to strike back, get even, and get rid of those who block or push or frustrate us.

TALK OF KILLING IS OFTEN DISGUISED TALK OF HOSTILITY TOWARD FAMILY MEMBERS.

Chapter Five

INTOLERANCE BY ANY OTHER NAME

THE OLD PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE stroked his beard pensively. "Young men," he said, "in sound practice a man does not hurry. Never rush is an excellent motto. I commend it to you. Before prescription there must come diagnosis. The prognosis also must be taken into the picture. Never rush."

In relation to problems of a psychological nature, we seldom take this motto into consideration. We invariably want to rush. We are prone to grow very impatient when prescription does not immediately wag its head to the fore. "I'm blue. What shall I do about it?" without understanding what it is that we want to do something about. We would do better to go more slowly. First, to inquire into causes. "Why am I blue? What makes me that way?" Second, to look forward into possible results. "Where do I go from here? Why is it important to get the better of this particular problem? What might happen if it ran on?"

These principles apply equally to children's resentments or hostilities. It is far better to understand what has happened to cause talk of killing than to launch forth right into a discussion of cure. It is far better, in addition, to get an idea of what may eventuate if hostility runs on. After all, we have heard of remedies that kill instead of cure. Psychological remedies can also do severe harm. Certain types can damage the person and increase the original trouble. They do not cure.

How do we usually attempt to remedy talk of killing in our children? A phonograph recording of self or neighbor in action might read like this: "Stop it, Johnny. Stop talking like that to your sister. That's no way to talk. You don't know what you're saying. If she did die, you'd be sorry!"...or, "Stop saying that you want to drop a bomb on your father."... "Stop saying that you'd like the Japs to come and cut my tongue off. Some day you will be sorry. You should be ashamed of yourself. It isn't right to even think such thoughts. I'm your mother. People don't talk like that about their mothers," with accompaniment of proper sound effects: The shrillness of voice, the banging of door, the determination of footsteps heavier than usual; and, after further provocation, "I told you to stop" with the smarting sharp sound of a well-aimed slap.

Children should love their brothers and sisters, their fathers and mothers. It is perfectly all right, of course, to play with toy soldiers as long as the little dears shoot at the Germans. But let them point their enmity at family members and we start at once to put on the forbidding act. We become enemies all the more truly.

"But," said one mother, "I can't have my children growing up into barbarians. I hate war. I hate this war. I don't want my children to grow into the kind of people who must always have wars to fight. I don't want them to build up warlike habits. I want them to love peace and to fight for peace when they have to, but not to be blood-thirsty and warlike all of their days."

Many of us echo her sentiments. We want our children to be able to fight if fight they must. But we want them to be other than vindictive and hostile during most of the days of their life. We want them especially to eliminate once and for always any manifestations of hostility toward us. Somehow hostility directed against us goes counter to all our ideals. In our culture we have grown up with a firmly implanted concept that parents should be revered, looked up to, honored, loved. Being resented, and hated after a fashion, does not fit in with such visioning. This must, we feel, be some reflection on us. We must have failed as parents. Our children do not love us. What is wrong with them or with us? We loved our parents. We looked up to them.

And yet, in the wee small hours of morning or the late hours of night, as we lie thinking our most private thoughts, once in a while we may catch a glimpse of another sort. We did not always love our parents. Sometimes we resented them mightily. When they

stood against us. When they kept us from doing things that other boys and girls did. When they scolded us or punished. Yes, we, too, had our moments of wishing that we might be rid of our parents. (Remember those days when running away was the answer to all things? Then "they'd be sorry." Then we would be "rid of them." By escaping from their reach we annihilated their presence in our lives. If that wasn't against them, what was it?) But even now, when we catch glimpses of such resentment felt in the past to our parents, we shudder in the grip of another kind of feeling. Guilt. We have been disloyal. We are ashamed. Quickly we must shove such hateful thoughts from our consciousness. Quickly we must think of something else. Quickly we must hide from ourselves the kind of feelings that make us hang our heads. This with ourselves.

And then with our children: what do we do with them? When they balk us, we try our best to make them feel ashamed. When they talk against us, such talk is disloyal. They must instead love their parents. They should hang their heads and be overcome by shame if they speak otherwise.

Shame, though, is a wicked thing. It creates subterfuge and hiding. It chases from consciousness those thoughts and feelings which it touches. But it does not chase them out of being. They are buried. They are hidden. But they still remain. Then, every so often, and persistently, out they come. But, since we can not bear to see them, they arrive wearing masks. They appear only in disguised forms.

Just as buried fears come out in disguises of shyness, of jitteriness, of restlessness, of vague feelings of impending doom, so does hostility come out in similar disguises. In the small child, for instance, it may come out in refusals to eat. Countless mothers know this problem only too well. Countless pediatricians see it daily in their practice. Often, refusals to eat are hostile gestures. Children find out quickly that eating is something which they can not be made to do. They discover that "you can lead a horse to water," but no more. They find out further that when they do not eat they manage neatly to annoy and bother, to worry and upset their parents. What nicer way of getting even for the hardness and harshness they have endured?

Delayed speech is another fine device by which to express hostility. As if a child were figuring, "Those big brutes want me to talk. I'll certainly not do it. Why should I be friendly, anyhow? Why should I try to communicate? They used to ignore me. They did not answer when I was a baby and tried to communicate by crying. Now I just won't answer or talk with them."

Bed-wetting and soiling are two more disguises for hostility. Again, "The grown-up wants me clean and dry. But why should I comply? I'll be nasty mean instead."

Lying, when a child grows older, is again a manifestation of hostility. The gist of the feeling beneath it goes like this: "I'll confuse and fool the person to whom I'm telling this lie. I'll not put him in posses-

sion of facts that will help him. If I lie, I'll outsmart him. I'll know what's what and he won't know." Lying is a lovely way to outwit and hurt a parent! Through it the child hides from himself not only the hostility that he lets out, but also the reasons for wanting to let it out. He knows not what he does, nor why. He lies, that is all. Or he soils, or won't talk or eat. He does not say in so many words, "I'll get my revenge after this or that fashion." He is not conscious of figuring out a revenge. The process goes on wordlessly and unconsciously, but beautifully schemed none the less.

Impudence and outburst of temper, negativism, cruelty to animals, destructiveness, are further disguises for hostility. Swearing is, too. Those lovely little words that no good mother will permit. Swearing runs riot when children are given chances to express themselves as they wish. At ten or eleven, and on through the middle teens, every other word spontaneously uttered may be garnished with a darn or a damn. Adults still use swear-words similarly, as if to show that they are big and strong and vanquishing. (Bigger than the big people who once controlled them and made life hard and harsh.)

In all of us some degree of hostility lies hidden. In all of us it comes out disguised. People who are perpetual "agin-ers" show clear traces. Against the government, against those who are higher up in office or plant, against the rich, against the unemployed, against the Jews, against the Negroes, against the Church, against the heathens, against the upper

classes, against the lower ones, against the management, against labor, against strikers, against strikebreakers. While fundamentally all of the different kinds of against-ness possess one basic generating against-ness—namely, against-ness to a parent who has been hard and harsh.

Take the more subtle antagonisms: Unreasoning antagonism to a wife, to a husband, to a friend, to one's children. The inexplicable hurt that serves to hurt another. The unaccountable sudden aloofness. The inappropriate or exaggerated anger. These again are, more frequently than we realize, a kind of carry-over of hostility. We dared not show resentment to a parent who was hard and harsh. We wanted to. Yet we dared not. We were too dependent on that parent. For food, for clothes, for our very existence. We wanted to express hostility. But we could not. We were too ashamed.

We feared the feelings of hostility that pressed within us. They might not only estrange us from those whom we loved. They might also cause us to do something terrible. Something that we would forever regret. And yet we dared not face this fear. For, if we faced a fear of hostility, we would automatically have to admit hostility. Again, had we dared to put our feeling into words, we would have said, "I'm afraid of what my feelings of hostility will make me do." But then in the next breath we would have needed to argue. "But I do not have such feelings." ... "Then, why am I afraid?" ... "Oh, of course, I'm afraid because of the dark ... or because of burglars

... because of something big and bad that may come to take hold of me...." Something big and bad! Hatred, no less.

Because the fear of our own hostility was too hard to admit, we substituted other fears that could be more easily admitted. Our children do the very same thing. Many of their fears concerned with war are actually deep-seated fears of emotions that they dare not face. In a nightmare, called out from the dark, a child screams, "The Japs are coming to get me. They are coming to hurt me." He may really mean, "My own feelings will get me. My hostile feelings are coming to hurt me. They will get me into trouble."

We must be careful, tremendously careful, not to handle talk of killing so that children become afraid of the feelings that lie at the root of such talk. We do not want them to be made afraid as we were made. Deeply afraid. For, had we not heard over and over, "Honor thy father and thy mother," from the book and the pulpit, and by word of many familiar mouths? We wanted to express hostility. But we could not. And so, instead, cruelty and antagonism arose among us, unreasoning protest, illogical condemnations, prejudice, strife, and deep desire for war. Intolerance arose among us. Superiority, pride, hatred, and enmity-all one and the same. They have crept upon us, betraying that hostility is not dead. They bear evidence of a need for letting out in disguised forms the painful and pressing load our generation has stored.

Delinquency in adolescents; criminality in adults;

thirst for war. Prejudice against many who are brother Americans, not against those of other nationalities alone. These are expressions of the self-same stuff, intolerance by any other name; hostility par excellence, coming out against others.

But sometimes we turn hostility in a different direction. Not only against others, but also against ourselves. Suicide, of course, is the most flagrant selfattack. But it is not always a fast and deliberate attack. Some people commit suicide by degrees without any conscious realization of so doing. The man, for instance, who drinks himself to death: he literally does kill himself, although slowly. The man who steers himself into one automobile accident after another: he virtually does court death. But there are lesser ways of turning hostility onto one's self. Not by death but by hurt. Many people create hurt for themselves. The person who perpetually gets into trouble, who always puts his foot into difficulty, who invariably does things the wrong way. He may unconsciously, but with no less strong impulse, be hurting himself. The person who is endlessly selfdenying: he makes himself miserable by martyring himself. The person who always eats the wrong things and makes himself ill. The person who presses himself beyond his own physical endurance. The person who is so generous that he gives away his last shirt and himself goes cold. Such people are doing two things: They are providing outlet for their hos-tility by directing it against themselves and at one and the same time they are punishing themselves for

their hostility. They have perhaps kept hostility from coming out against others, but it has exacted its toll by coming out none the less.

Just because hostility is shut in and bottled up it comes out frequently with condensed pressure behind it. Just because it has been generated by reiterated frustrations, by piled-up, repeated deprivations, its force is unmanageable. Just because we have been taught to hide its presence from our own eyes, it stays unmanaged. It remains in us and continues to come out in forms so beautifully disguised that we fail to recognize their true meaning.

It is strange, how very difficult it is for many very intelligent people to understand concepts concerned with the formation of hostility, its repression, and its later disguises. (Perhaps, as you have been reading, you too have scoffed or cringed.) And yet, it is not altogether strange that understanding is difficult. When we were small our hostile feelings were terrible to bear. They brought us shame. They were so wicked and wrong that they made the whole of us wicked and wrong. They made us afraid. If we betrayed them, we might lose the parents on whom we needed to lean. Our hostile feelings ladened us with guilt. We had to shove them out of mind, because we could not tolerate the image of ourselves as hostile, resentful beings.

Even now, we can not readily tolerate such an image. We want to shove it aside. And yet we need to see straight. Otherwise our hostilities and our children's hostilities will continue on blindly, out of sight

and therefore out of control. We can, after all, not control a thing that we do not see. To exert any degree of control on a matter, we must know that it is present. We must know what we are coping with. We must know what we are trying to control. We can not, for instance, control a pest that has overridden our rose-bushes, unless we know whether the pest is an insect or a mold. We can not control a sarcastic tongue unless we face the fact that it is sarcastic. We can not control a baby's rash unless we see that it is in existence. We can not control hostility unless we admit that it has been alive.

But hostility is difficult, very difficult, to admit. Repressing hostility has so much strengthened its force that admitting the memory of any bit of it will, we suspect, turn the whole of memory hostile. For most of us, there were many loving moments spent with our parents. There were also some hostile ones. We want the loving moments only to remain. We want them, moreover, to wipe out the shadow of the less loving ones. And yet, both the lovingness and the hostility, if thoroughly faced, have their respective places in the total picture. Admitting hostility need not deny love.

We must realize, too, that what seemed cruel to us as children, no longer may seem cruel to us as adults. A father who was regarded as a great, huge, overpowering, towering tyrant may have shrunk to the proportion of a middle-sized and crotchety but nice old man. We may, from an adult vantage point, view his spankings—once cruel beyond endurance—merely

as good discipline. But that they once spelled cruelty, this we need to admit. As we realize the difference in adult viewpoint versus child viewpoint we can begin to see why we were hostile. Little things then loomed so large. We were quite justified in growing hostile because of them. Once we gain this sense of justification, we are ashamed no longer. We will see why hostility existed and how it came to be.

We will see, too, more accurately, how hostility has come into the open under the guise of many another name. Prejudice. Strife. Discord. Delinquency. Intolerance. Crime. All of these we will recognize simply as ways of hurting others in order to get even on those who originally hurt us. War, too, the acme of vengeance. And so, as our children express resentment toward us in war or non-war terms, let us stanchly face where such resentment may carry them if we cause them to hold it under; if we make them ashamed and afraid.

To Be Avoided

- 1. When a person does not know that he has something wrong with him, he can take no steps to better what is wrong. He can take no steps to control it.
- When we make children too ashamed and guilty over their hostility, we also make them hide it from themselves. Once having hidden it, they can take no steps to better or control it.
- 3. Hostility that is hidden is, however, not dead. It comes out in disguised forms.
- 4. Behavior problems of various sorts in children are disguised hostilities coming out.
- Delinquency and criminality are again disguised hostilities.
- Prejudice and intolerance are hostilities in further disguises.
- 7. We want to avoid making our children hide hostility. We want to avoid making them hold it under.

HOSTILITY HELD UNDER
BRINGS
PREJUDICE,
INTOLERANCE,
WAR.

Chapter Six

BUILDING TOLERANCE

Because we are human—because we have yearned at moments—because we have at moments been lonely—we know the essentialness of warmth and closeness in our lives. We know the importance of being loved, of being responded to. We know the safeness that comes with intimate belonging. To infants and small children, warmth and closeness, response and belonging assume reality through experiences of physical cuddling. But to many babies in our culture, we have denied such experiences. (And this is important in relation to the development of children of all ages—even when they have become adults.)

Because we are human—because we have enjoyed the sun on our bodies—because we have relished the beauty of curving leaves—because, in close embrace with a loved one, we have been filled with ecstasy and with peace—we know that well-being is enhanced through pleasure that we call good. But, to infants and small children, we call many of the pleasures that they desire not good, but bad. (The pleasure of eating when one is hungry ahead of the clock, for instance, or the pleasure of sucking as much as is wished.) We make pleasure become difficult for our children and intermixed with pain. (This, too, is important in relation to development, no matter how old the children have become.)

Because we are human—because we have always wanted to be capable and strong—because we have struggled against being powerless and weak—because we have found satisfaction in work well done—we know how deeply we desire to feel adequate to meet life's demands. And yet, we shower onto babies and small children, and on to big children alike, demands which are too hard for them to achieve.

Too often, we make children feel that we, who are closest, are part friend, but only part friend; part enemy also. We help them to become hostile and bitter. We plant the seeds of hatred and intolerance early and well.

How can we help uproot these? How begin to cultivate in their place, wide-spreading, far-reaching tolerance? Goodwill to men? Desire to preserve peace and plenty for all, even if one must fight for them?

First task: We must see that the good things of life come to our children. That their fundamental wants are satisfied, not denied. That their days are full days, not starved and barren. Affection we must give them. Unique response to each as a person. The safeness of cherished belonging. And regard for unhurtful pleasure. No less. We must see, too, that they have oppor-

tunities a-plenty to achieve well. That they gain within themselves sure knowledge of their own ability. No less. Hearty satisfactions in all these areas must be theirs.

"But, hold on," comes the argument. "Give them satisfactions galore. They'll only want more. Satisfy them, and they'll want always to be satisfied. They'll have to meet hardships as they go on living. Better get them used to hardships when they're young."

"Yet," comes the answer, "no matter how much you try, you can not supply children with perpetual satisfaction. Life brings its own disappointments and pain." We do not need to create hardships in order to give children the experience of meeting hardships. They meet enough, automatically, as it were, without our intervention. Mumps and measles. Pains in tummy or tooth. People in the world who, by being larger and more adroit, make them feel small and incapable. Other children to whom they must give up some of their parents' time and attention. The many limitations that undeveloped muscular strength and coördination impose. And of late, war, too, and the pressing, disquieting, crushing discomfort that an anxiety-ridden world engenders. If we, then, needlessly create further hardships, the load becomes too great.

Too many hardships and deprivations, too many blockings and frustrations, crush a person. Look at the man who has searched in vain for employment. He is, least of all, the man who has courage to face the world. By virtue of being thoroughly frustrated, he is beaten and crushed. Just so, the child who is forced to meet too large a load of frustration—he, too, is beaten and crushed. The younger he is, the more easily he is crushed. He has not developed strength to withstand hardships. Nor does such strength come to him by route of hardships that crush. It comes rather by way of satisfactions that make him feel secure and capable. It comes by way of satisfactions which serve as proof that he can cope.

Too many hardships and deprivations, too many blockings and frustrations, create defeatism. In face of them, it becomes difficult to believe that life holds anything worth while. A child must learn first and early that life can be good. He then continues to search for the good. He expects good to come to him as he moves through his days and years. Once having found this conviction, he can hold to it when hardships do come. He can see his way to better things. On the other hand, if he has never had proof of anything better, he will hardly have gained impetus to struggle ahead.

Too many hardships and deprivations, too many blockings and frustrations, create hatred and venom. The world becomes peopled with enemies who take away satisfactions, not with friends who bring them. Envy, jealousy, and intolerance result. Perpetual desire to even up the score is born as a motivating force.

Self-confidence and a feeling of ability to cope with life arise out of satisfactions that have made a person feel loved and wanted and decent and capable. A sense that life is good arises out of life's having been good. Awareness that people can be mutually helpful; that one can participate in society, working with and for others—such knowledge arises out of having had people with one, not against. The whole structure of capable and zestful and friendly living rests on the fulfilment of basic satisfactions, not on their lack.

We must help to supply children with affection and response. We must create the kinds of homes for them in which they can feel belongingness. We must help them to develop a capacity for pleasure. We must help them to feel competent and adequate, to gain within themselves a sense of their own ability to achieve. We must help bring these various fundamental satisfactions into our children's lives. This is our first task.

But it is not all. We must go further. We must move on to a second task: We must remember that, no matter how we may have attempted to offset them, frustrations have time and again come to them. We must realize deeply that frustrations do create resentment and hostility. We must realize equally deeply that if we curtail and condemn hostility, we drive it into hiding. We do not stop it. But we may make our children so ashamed of it that they grow blind to it. From there on they can neither direct nor control it. For, as has been said, one can not control that which is not known to exist. We must realize, moreover, that resentments which are guilt laden are heavier to bear than resentments which are felt to be reasonable and justifiable. Further still, we must be

aware that guilt-laden resentments increase in pressure as they pile up. They come out in blind and hurtful fashion, striking wherever they can. The person does not know what he is doing nor why.

Our problem becomes a double one. First, there is the matter of the person's having blinded himself to his hostility. This he has done (remember?) because of the guilt and the crushing shame that we have helped him acquire concerning it. Second, there is the matter of hostility piled up until its weight has become unendurable. Then (remember?) it has needed to come out to reduce the weight of the pressure. And out it has come in a variety of disguised forms. Attacking each matter in turn: How can we help children to see and face their hostility instead of blinding themselves to it? (And that means also preventing guilt and shame?) How can we help them find outlets that will reduce the internal pressure of their hostility but will do no harm? Neither of these is an easy task.

We need to realize that we can not prevent children from feeling whatever feelings they do feel. If they feel hostile, we can not stop them from feeling that way. When we forbid hostile expression, we do not curtail the feeling itself. We merely curtail the open expression or show of the feeling. The child then has to hold the feeling in. (And pressure starts.) Or he can let it out behind our backs where we can not help him to handle it.

And so, instead of forbidding, we need to guide.

We need to observe when hostile feelings display themselves, and then to evaluate to ourselves: "Is this a perfectly good outlet? Or will it prove hurtful? If so, how can I help my child find some other channel to let feeling flow through? Because, whatever I do, I must help him to get the hostility out; not to shove it under."

Take Ben as example. He runs into the street. Forty-nine times within the last two days, Ben's mother has said, "The street isn't safe, Ben. You will have to keep off it." But, five-year-old Ben persists. So, what with an oncoming car and an out-dashing Ben, mother finds herself lunging after him and grabbing him back in no gentle fashion. She plumps him down on the front steps. Her glare says, "I'll brain you." (Quite justified feelings, at that.) He returns glare for glare and screams, "I'll get those Japs after you. I'll have them put a stink-bomb under you and blow you up."

(Here is the test. Will Mother pile anger onto anger? Will she scream back, "Don't you talk like that"? Or will she realize, "Hostility! Aha! This is what I've been reading about. 'Let Bennie let it out,' that's what the book says.")

Suddenly, she turns quiet. Thoughtfully she remarks, "Yes, Bennie, I can see why you'd like the Japs to get after me. Because there are lots of things I won't let you do. Aren't there?" (Perhaps he will talk and get some more off his chest!)

"Uh-huh," noncommittally.

Mother waits expectantly. Nothing happens. But wasn't that a surprised glance that Bennie shot in her direction?

She sat down beside him, hand cupped in chin and one arm around Bennie. "You know, the other day I read that lots of children feel mean to their mothers when their mothers won't let them do things. I started thinking. I used to feel that way, too. When grandma wouldn't let me have two peppermint sticks instead of one. And when she spanked me...." (A special opportunity, this, for helping Bennie to come out with feelings. By letting him see that other people felt the same way, even his mother-perhaps he wouldn't be too ashamed to admit how he himself felt.)

Was Bennie snuggling closer?

She looked at him. Yes. He was relaxing against her.

He caught her look. With sudden suspicion he queried, "But I still can't go on the street?"

She looked back. "No. Of course not. I can't let you. Even though I know you don't like me for it." (She could and would have to prevent his doing certain things. But she had not tried to prevent his feeling any way he wanted. You couldn't prevent feelings. Now if only Bennie would bring them out!)

"A fine stink-pot you are!" In utter disgust from Bennie. "I don't like you any more. I won't do anything for you any more. I won't show you anything nice any more. You old doodoo. You stink-pot!"

"I'm glad you're telling me how you feel." And

again, "I know you feel mean when you can't do something you want to. I do, too, when I can't do what I want."

Bennie was snuggling again. And then suddenly, "Oh, gee, mom. See that plane up in the sky. That's a P-38. It's got two tails. See?" Vengeance was gone. Hostility had come out in a few emotionally charged sentences. This time, at least, it had not been buried under.

Bennie's mother had curtailed action that could not be permitted. But she had not tried to curtail Bennie's feelings. She had encouraged him to come out with them. She had tried to give him reassurance on two scores. First, that he could let them out to her. Second, that they were perfectly natural. Lots of children, she had said, felt mean to their mothers when they were not allowed to do what they wanted.

Ordinarily when we start permitting such outlets, children need a lot of encouragement to use them. They need assurance and reassurance that they may actually bring things out. Our philosophy has been so much the opposite. We have made them afraid of expressing hostility in front of us and, most of all, of directing it at us. They are apt to be suspicious, as was Bennie, when they find us reversing without apparent reason. Over and over again we need to say: "It is natural to feel mean. All children do sometimes. I did, too."

To ourselves, too, we have to give reassurance: "I can, of course, stop my child's actions. Any time I find it necessary, I can stop his actions. But I can

not actually stop him from feeling after any fashion he desires to feel. He can feel under his breath; and I'll know nothing about it. So he and I are both better off if I let him, in fact encourage him, to do his feeling out loud. It is important that he come out with his hostile feelings. It is important for him not to cover them up."

"I hate you," shrieks eight-year-old Sara-Anne, "I hate you," when her father spanks her for pinching her small brother's hand. She now hates two people. Brother and father both. They are both enemies. But, when Maurine knocks her younger brother over, her father says, "Come here and tell me what you don't like about him. I know how annoying smaller children can be." Maurine then comes to him with tears in her eyes and annoyance in her voice, and she says, "He's bats. He's so nasty and wet. He dribbles down his face. And you and mother just think he's cute. You never get angry at him. You never tell him to keep quiet when he yells. And every morning, mother takes until after I've left for school to give him his breakfast."

Father nods, "And so Mother doesn't get to you?" "No, she doesn't."

Again a nod. "I see your point. You've got every right to feel mean. Only when you do, just come and tell me or Mother about it and get it off the chest that way. If you tell us, we can perhaps do something to help. Maybe Mother could give you more time if she knew how you were feeling. We'll ask her to. But you mustn't sock Jerry. Because if you ever did hurt him,

you would be so sorry it would take all the fun out of it for you."

Fifteen-year-old Dinah takes another way of getting her madness off the chest. One evening her mother and father come into the house bringing two friends with whom they have gone to dinner. The friends have not seen Dinah of late and ask if she is home. "Oh, yes," says Dinah's mother. And she calls up the stairs, "Come on down, Dinah, we're home, dear."

Down the steps bounds Dinah. Her hair is up in the curlers that help her attain beauty over each night. White daubs of face lotion cover the usual adolescent blemishes. Cold-cream greasily covers every other portion of her face. The wrapper she wears is her dirtiest, out of regard for the sun-burn oil she has smeared on her neck. On one shoulder, proudly, she has pinned the gardenia sent by the boy-friend a week past. In spite of careful preserving in the ice-box, it has now reached the last stages of brown shriveling. Altogether Dinah is an elegant sight. She is, however, easy of manner. With all the graciousness of a young lady dressed for court presentation, she gives greetings to the guests. But, later that night when her mother goes upstairs, there on her dressing table lies a note from Dinah. It reads:

DEAR MOTHER,

And to think of all those Child Study classes you've wasted your time on. I thought you were supposed to know something about children, including the difficult adolescent. What on earth did your friends think of me? You created intolerable embarrassment for me. Have you no sense? If you ever do that sort of thing again, I'll enlist as a Red Cross nurse and go overseas with the army. I think you're a bean-faced nitwit.

I'm mad.

DINAH

Next morning Dinah received the apology that mothers usually do not think they ought to give, and an assurance that her mother saw how Dinah felt and that she thought Dinah's feelings quite justifiable. "I'm glad you wrote me how things stood."

Ben, Maurine, and Dinah have all used words as tools for getting out their hostility. Some children can, however, act out their feelings more capably than they can talk them out. They use play activities as their tools. This is true especially of younger children. Just as they play out their fears, so do they also play out their hostilities. Play becomes a safety valve.

Often in homes there are not sufficient chances to work off hostility through talk and play. Some of the families that have realized this are experimenting with a special type of opportunity. Mothers have tried putting aside fifteen minutes or so a day, as time in which to let a child know that he may play out anything he wants. In an amazing fashion at such times, many things start to happen.

"This is your time to play anything you want. You can play that you're mad or mean if you like. Anything."

Says six-year-old Harry to his mother, "I'll play I'm the mother. You're Harry. Now you sit down at the table and you say to me, 'No, I won't, Mother.'"

His mother sits down. "No, I won't."

"I'll spank you, you naughty boy. I'll spank you if you don't eat clean. I'll spank you if you pull the table cloth. I'll spank you if you make spitty noises with your mouth. I'll spank you if you push your food with your fingers." He goes over to her, "I'm spanking you."

"Easy," she says, "easy, this is play remember, but I know those are real feelings you have. Lots of boys want to spank their mothers real hard just like you do. Because their mothers tell them so many things. I know how you feel. But if you hurt me really, you'd find it wouldn't be as much fun as pretending."

Harry goes on with the spanking act, betraying a look of relief. He does not, after all, want actually to hurt his mother. He would be too afraid that actual hurt would rob him of those parts of her that bring him comfort and belongingness and love. He needs her participation to steer him into getting out his feelings through talk or through play; not through any actual committing of hurt.

Seven-year-old Robin decides on a different line of play in his time to do whatever he likes. "We'll play the Germans are coming," he says. "Bang, bang, bang. They're shooting you. Bang! They dropped a bomb. Bang! They're blowing you up. They're blowing you way away.... The furthest they can.... Way into maternity."

Eleven-year-old Edith chooses to paint. She brings out her water-color box and paper. "You sit here and read," and she pulls up a chair for her young and pretty mother. "When I've done the picture, I'll show it to you."

She paints with concentrated interest, muttering under her breath as she works. Finally the picture is done. A portrait, she announces, of "Mother."

A woman's face. The ugliest possible. Three hairs only. Huge lips. Huge elephantine ears. A score of disfiguring moles.

With a grin, "She's ugly. She stinks." Portrait of mother!

Three-year-old Bobbie declares himself an enemy. "I'm a Jap," he shouts, "And I'm fighting you.

"I'm a horrid one!
I'm a sneaker.
I'm an old horrid one,
An old horrid Jap.
I'm a Jap.
I am."

Many mothers are finding that, as such outlets are provided, a home becomes more peaceful. "I expected us to grow more warlike," said one. "But surprisingly it works the other way. At first we ran riot. But then we calmed down. Much calmer than we'd ever been." Many mothers find that disciplinary problems lessen as hostility has chances to come out openly. Naughtiness and disobedience, after all, are simply ways of expressing against-ness to parents. They are hostilities coming out, as it were, in sneak-



Photograph by A. Pierce Artran.

Edith paints a picture of the enemy.

ing forms of expression. But, when outlets are legitimized, they need no longer be bootlegged. Greater peace reigns.

A child possesses tremendous advantages if he grows up facing his hostilities without shame and handling them realistically. He has seen his hostility and found it not too horrible. It does not press inside of him as a vaguely terrifying, too-awful-to-be-admitted entity. He is not beset by a vague sense of sin and bowed down by it. He does not have to cringe because of it. He does not have to be afraid of himself or of his own feelings. He can stand up without shame. His morale is high. He possesses high courage. He does not have to let hostility come out compulsively toward others. Instead he can put his shoulder to the shoulders of others in the building of a decent social structure.

He has not piled hostility behind a wall of guilt, denying that it exists. He has faced it and channeled and directed it. As he grows, increasing in his understanding of the world in which he lives, he can continue to channel and direct it: Against injustice, against persecution, against intolerance. He has, after all, grown up knowing that he can express resentment against demands that oppress him. He can speak his mind and stand up for that which he feels and believes. He knows he can fight. He can fight against dictatorship and oppression.

If we are able to bring up a generation of men and women like him, we will have safeguarded our democracy well.

To Be Sought

- 1. We want our children to handle their hostilities realistically and squarely, straightforwardly and directly, not by subterfuges.
- 2. We will not make our children ashamed when they evidence hostility toward us.
- 3. We will help children to bring out their hostile feelings so that the strength of them becomes diluted.
- 4. We will help our children to accept their feelings for what they are without needing to be torn by the guilt which makes people bury feelings from knowledge.
- We will want to remember that war sanctions the expression of hatred. War talk and war play are frequently the child's way of getting hostility off his chest.
- 6. We will want to remember that causes of hostility are lessened as our children achieve basic satisfactions.
- 7. When children are hostile we will help them to realize that we know how they feel, and that we have at times, felt similarly.

HOSTILITY WELL OFF THE CHEST DOES NOT MAKE CHILDREN MORE WARLIKE. IT MAKES FOR PEACE.

Chapter Seven

DEMOCRACY NEEDED

O'E ARE FIGHTING to preserve the democratic way of life. And yet, as an inevitable by-product of war, there has come into our existence the tightening of authoritarian reins. No longer does individual liberty function as freely as in pre-war days. We may not use as much gasoline as we desire, nor as much sugar, or wool, or rubber. We may not charge what prices we wish to our customers. We may not exert the right to choose whether or not to enlist in the armed forces. We may soon be deprived of choosing whether to go to work or not, as have the people of England where labor is conscripted. More and more, our cherished freedoms are being tabled.

As a result, our children see in the world about them no very true picture of democratic living. They see, instead, a kind of autocracy in action. And yet, if they are to live democratically, they should know what constitutes democracy. They should like what constitutes democracy. They should have a warm, familiar, expansive feeling about democracy, and

sure knowledge of the principles on which it rests.

Here is a freshly highlighted function for home and school. It is up to them to preserve the democratic way for our children. Through their concerted efforts our children can come to know what democracy is.

What can we do in home and school to make the democratic way of life real to the children who are now growing up? How can we in home and school make democracy become a word that has flesh-and-blood meanings?

The straightest path obviously lies through democracy in action. Home and school will need to incorporate democratic principles into daily ongoing so that children come to know them intimately and well. They will need to translate democratic principles into daily practices. They will need to make them an integral part of what actually transpires within their walls. To our children, democracy must not be something you-speak-of-but-do-not-live-by. It must assume reality. It must become a word associated and made real by many small but real experiences. It must be part of each child's actual experience. Only then will he form concepts of the democratic way.

"Yes," says Mr. Smith, adding wisely, "That's a good mouthful. But democracy's like candy—a lot of things mixed together. It tastes sweet. But you don't stop to figure what goes into it. And then you try to make it and you just don't get there."

Yes, to Mr. Smith. We will need to consider what goes into the making of democracy. We will need, as

we move along, to think of this and the other specific element that enters into the making of the democratic way.

And so, to specifics: How can we give to our children experiences in the various aspects of democratic living?

A first essential to democracy is free participation. Self-chosen participation. Not the forced participation of the Nazis. Not participation because of being led in lockstep to feed machines or work in mines. People in a democracy must want to participate. Children growing up in a democracy must learn that participation can be satisfying and good.

In order to participate freely and with satisfaction, a person must first and foremost feel that he is able to take a worth-while part. What he does must appear worth while. He must feel himself capable of worth-while achievement. If he can not feel capable, he will want to escape from further participation. If he does not feel adequate and comfortable in what he does, he will want to be rid of the necessity of doing. We know this from our own experience. We know, for instance, how much we want to get out from under on a job where we can not fill the bill and do our part capably. Feeling that we can not accomplish worthily, we want to be rid of the necessity of doing. We leave the job as fast as we can.

Applying this principle to the lives of our children, we can ask ourselves: Do we help them first of all to gain a feeling that they can accomplish worthily and well?

Unfortunately too often, and beginning too early, we help our children to acquire instead a sense that they can not worthily achieve. We expect a child to control elimination at one month, when sphincter muscles on which control depends do not mature until nine months. We expect a two-year-old to "settle right down and go to sleep" as soon as he is in bed, when the average time for falling asleep is from twenty to twenty-five minutes. A bit later on, around four, we expect him to accomplish tasks with despatch when dawdling is the more natural picture. We expect him not to fight with other children when fighting comes naturally into the picture. We expect him to say pleases and thank-yous when they come not at all into his picture. Still later, we expect him to receive all A's on his report card when only a few children out of fifty can possibly receive all A's. We expect him to eat with perfect manners when unmannerliness is the natural order of his day. We expect him to be clean and neat when neatness and cleanliness are abhorrent. We expect him to learn to dance with a nice little partner when he would rather wring the partner's neck. We expect him to be dear and darling when we are so unreasonable that he would like to wring ours.

His achievements fall continuously short of our expectations. How, then, can he manage to feel that he is capable of worth-while accomplishments? How can he feel capable of taking a worth-while part in society when he falls short in his home—the first society in which he moves? If we continuously ask

for accomplishments that he can not meet, we are bound to give him the feeling that he is not of much worth. We help him acquire conviction that he can not take a worth-while part. To avoid this we need to question: "Are we asking him to do mostly that which he can do without strain?" We need to keep remembering: "He is not an adult. There is a tomorrow. He has lots of time to learn."

The easiest guide as to whether a young child is able to accomplish a thing comfortably and without strain is to observe him in the doing. The easiest criterion of lack of strain is enjoyment. If he enjoys doing something, it is probably lacking in strainelement for him. It is probably satisfying to him. It is probably a thing that he can do and is ready to do and feels capable of doing. If he enjoys dressing himself altogether and entirely, laces and all, when he is five, then fine. He is probably ready to do this as one of his responsibilities in the family. But, if he yowls and howls and screams for mamma, if dressing and perpetual nagging are synonymous, then he is not ready, for one reason or another. He will not feel any capability of achievement when he is done. He will feel instead that he has been pushed and shoved and made to carry out a part he did not want.

But what of duty? Good, old-fashioned duty? What about the necessity to do a chore day in and day out for the sake of discipline? When a child is older—perhaps twelve or more—and the task is really a task that will be helpful if executed daily, he can see very good reasons for doing it. He may not like

it any better. But if he sees the reasonableness of some one's doing the task, he can well feel that he is taking a share of the responsibility when he is the one. Not so the younger child. Duty makes him simply less dutiful. Unwanted responsibility makes responsibility less wanted. It works that way. Strange but true. This we will see, if we observe with open eyes.

We will notice that the less we ask of children, the more they will do to take part. Unexpectedly a child will tag after his mother and help her with great gusto to hang up the wash. Another will happily scrub out a bath-tub. Another will eagerly dig up the ground for a new vegetable garden. Or turn off the lights when the family goes out of an evening in case "the blackout signal should sound." All little things, these, we may think. But big to children. Because through just such little things thoroughly relished, they learn that they can participate. They learn that they enjoy participating. Participation is not a chore to be avoided. It has become a privilege to be sought.

Leave him be. Stop nagging. Insist on the fewest possible things to be done or not done. Then watch him wanting to do the most amazing number of helpful things. Notice, too, the benign expression he wears at having found through experience that what he does is worth while.

Fetching the newspaper every morning? Feeding the dog every day? Requirement of such regular chores does not contribute to a small child's feeling of being able to share in home responsibilities. But the knowledge of what he can accomplish easily and well—this makes him a capable member of society. The mere fact of being a capable member is in itself a large contribution.

"Funny," says Jane, "the way each one of us takes part in our family."

"How do you mean?" asks Father, interested in Jane's thirteen-year-old philosophy.

"Well, take you, Dad. You bring home the bacon," with a laugh. "And Mother, you know the millions of things she does. And me, you like my singing, don't you? I could, of course, clean the kitchen oftener. But then, somehow I think my singing means more to you all. It's my special contribution.... And then Ted. He helps mother a lot with adding up the grocery bills. He is good at math, isn't he?... And then there's baby. I think he contributes by being so funny. He makes us all laugh. And believe me, being made to laugh is something big...."

Jane has said just what needs to be said oftener. Jane has considered just what needs to be considered oftener. She has seen that each family member's contribution lies mainly in spontaneous and free giving of what to each seems hearty and happy and worth while.

We can so early make a child feel that what he does falls short of being worth while. As we have seen, we frequently do this by requesting many things that are too difficult. We may do the same harm by measuring a child against standards that

are too high for him. Washing of face when one is little can not be measured by the same standards of cleanliness as when one is big. One child's piano playing may be fumbling, but none the less excellent if measured against standards suitable to the particular child's abilities. But the same child's playing may be judged extremely poor when set up against the standards of a gifted neighbor. Standards which are continuously too high make a child dissatisfied, perhaps for the whole of his life, with his own capacity. He may never come to feel that he is worth while enough to take a worth-while rôle.

A girl just finishing college remembers back. Her mother and father had always held very high standards for her. She had in consequence never felt able to do her part sufficiently well. "I can't ever give myself credit," she says. "I clean the house, for example. Everything's perfect. Everything except for one picture. That's a little bit crooked. Then that's all I see or know. I skip the fact that I've done fifty things decently; and the only thing I know is the thing that's wrong. Then everything seems wrong. I seem wrong."

In college affairs she had not taken part. She had felt that she could not. She had nothing to offer. She seemed "wrong" to herself, so, of course, she felt other people would consider her "wrong" also. She was worthless. How could she then participate capably in their affairs?

We must help our children to acquire a sense of their own worth. We do this, of course, by loving



Photograph by A. Pierce Artran.

Singing is Jane's way of contributing to family life.

them well. By knowing them well. By knowing their abilities and not demanding of them beyond their abilities. By not demanding constantly. By not pressing them with too many difficult do's and don'ts. By safeguarding them against demands that create strain and feelings of failure. By appreciating what they naturally are, and what they naturally and freely and expressively do. If they have any particular talents or originality, these we will, of course, foster. A democracy needs people who are capable of inventiveness and new vision. But we will not push our children to uncover talents they do not possess. That only makes them feel unworthy and resentful. They begin to blame both us and themselves for not being more than they are.

Through various means, then, we can help our children to realize that they are worthy members in society. As we do our part well, they will know firmly that they are capable of participation; that they can contribute valuably.

Besides a realization of their own capacity for contributing, people in a democracy must appreciate and honor the varying capacities that others possess. Here again the family has an important rôle to play. The facts to be stressed are several. Different people do the same thing in different ways; and these different ways may be equally effective. That is one principle. Different people can do different things well. Their differing abilities make for differing types of contribution. And many types of contribution are necessary and worth while. That is another. Again,

we are confronted with the problem of incorporating these facts into children's daily lives.

Different people do the same things in different ways! How, we ask ourselves, do we live out this concept?

Charlotte, a junior in college, reports what her experience has been. "I have my way of doing the dishes. But it isn't my mother's way. So what happens? Mother comes in and she leans against the sink, and she sneers. And pretty soon she says, 'You'd save yourself a lot of waste motion if you'd pay attention to the way I've shown you!' But I don't give a hang about waste motion. I like to do the dishes my own way."

"Put the toys away on the right shelves, Johnny. That's the proper way." (Namely, the way I've shown you!)... "Don't eat your meat first and then your peas and then the potatoes. Turn about; that's the proper way." (The way I've mapped out for you.)... And "This, my dear, is the way to draw a house." (Remember? You start with a capital A minus its cross-bar, and you end with a curly path?)... "This is the way to dance." (Two steps and turn. When you are full of swaying sensations and visions of steps all your own.)... "This is the way to behave with boys."... Or "This," to the two little girls with proverbial curls, "This is the red skirt and this the red sweater. You wear them together. That's the way."

Why not instead, "Houses can be drawn in many different fashions. You can find your own way of doing it."... "Toys can be shelved in many different

arrangements. You'll have fun deciding how you want to fix them to-day. To-morrow Tommy'll have fun doing them his way."..."People like to make up their own dances. Perhaps you have one of your very own to do to this music. That's fun sometimes."..."Sweaters and skirts can be worn in many different combinations. Choose your own, dear, and let Sally choose hers. You and she may have different ways of putting clothes together. Different people are different, after all."

Different people can do different things well. Different capabilities make it possible for society to benefit from many needed contributions! Fine in theory. But we do not always square it off in practice. "Don is doing beautifully with his reading. But Dora is lazy. She wants to draw all the time."... "Sonnie is doing well in his Spanish lessons. But Sam isn't. He wastes his time climbing trees."... "Bill is studying law. But all Bob's good for is a mechanic's job."

Different kinds of achievement. But, because we are prone to have certain set values, they are not all worthy. Don's intellectual pursuit of reading is far better achievement, we claim, than the artistic "fooling around" that Dora does. Sonnie's cultural interest in Spanish is far better than is Sam's zest for physical activity. Bill's flare for the law is far more worthy than is Bob's skill with machinery. Actually, however, none of these things is true. We need people who can embellish the walls of our buildings, just as we need those who can read the blue-prints. We need people to put their shoulders strongly to the

plow, just as we need those who can speak with our South American neighbors. We need men at machines, just as we need men of law and medicine. Nor is the contribution of one less important than those of the others. All are important. All have worth in the continuous ongoing of our society. This we can help our children to know if we honor well whatever each can do.

To participate in a democracy, one must feel worthy. Too often, however, we help our children to acquire a sense of unworthiness through condemning them for many things and making them grow guilty and ashamed. Sensory leanings and hostility are those items for which we blame them most. In our own lives we have learned that these were ignoble. But more recently they have been recognized as human and normal. They press most to survive where we most oppress them. At one and the same time, however, when we condemn them, they bring to us and our children a deep sense of unworthiness. Through condemnation of persistent and natural reactions, we place our children under the shadow of sin. Here again, we will need to take stock of old values. Reorganization and reorientation may then advantageously come.

Another essential for the preservation of democracy is that its people must know how to use liberty. A democratic way of life demands independence in the making of decisions; independence of thought; independence in steering one's self.

People who grow up without faith in their own

capability can not use liberty. They are too afraid. They fear their own capacity to make decisions. They are not sure that they are capable of independent functioning. They doubt themselves too deeply. So again we find reason to help our children know that they are adequate to achieve, to choose their own manner of doing, to use their own abilities no matter what these are.

This brings us to another closely related side of the matter. To be able to make the best use of liberty, a person should have had many chances to use liberty easily and well. He will then have had experience with an independent type of functioning that furnishes stable background to later independence.

It is surprising to see how many people grow up with dependency still on them. It is surprising to note how many feel downright guilty about taking independent action. This was the case with twentynine of the forty-seven women who were included in a recent study. They were in conflict. They wanted to function independently of their parents. But they felt quite bothered when they did.

Their uneasiness led mainly to two different types of behavior. Either open and extreme revolt, or continuing dependence. The ones who revolted had to prove their independence blindly and with violence. The ones who continued their dependence were trying to prove to themselves by "dutifulness" that they

¹A study made by the author and reported under the title, "Mental Hygiene Counselling as a Part of Teacher Education," *Journal of Psychology*, 1942, 13; 69-108.

were not wicked after all. They could still be nice and good and obedient children.

Said one girl, "I feel it isn't right to go against my mother. And yet, the more she talks, the worse I get. If she doesn't like a friend, the more I have to go with that person. Only I don't tell her. And then I get sorry and tell..." Notice the revolt here. And then the quick reaction of guilt feelings. Hear how she continues.

"And then she gets mad and we fight.... It hurts me so to face that. I hate her domination. I feel so disloyal to her. She's made so many sacrifices for me. I hate my dependence on her. I hate the fact that I have had to do what she wants. Then I get so ashamed. I just have to help her and do things for her and do what she wants...." Notice the swing back from revolt. The return to dependence. This girl, like so many others, has been made to feel that going counter to a parent is wicked. And so, she must make amends. She must swing back and do doubly what the parent wants. She must let herself be led.

Citizens in a democracy must not have a compelling desire to be led. They must be able to stand on their own feet. They must be able to lead themselves. If they have been made to feel guilty in their families over a desire to steer themselves, then they may find it hard to steer themselves at all.

It is perfectly natural in our culture for children to want to go against their parents just to prove to themselves that they *can* steer themselves. It is nattural in the process of growing up for them to want evolve their own manner of living. They need seply to set their life into a pattern consistent with eir own generation. "In my day, girls did not make ind dates," has little meaning. In *their* day, girls do ake blind dates. And they want to live according their day's rulings; not according to the rulings of nes past.

But it is extremely common for parents to block a nild's growth in independence. Independence is too edictive of separation. It threatens the parent with e fact that the child is going to live his own life. does, of course, mean just that. The child is seekg to live his own life. This in turn implies that the nild is leaving the parent. And that is hard for the arent to take. So fight against it he must.

Elizabeth's mother, for instance, gives lip service the idea of Elizabeth's right to become independit. She sees her daughter growing up. Eighteen ears and then twenty. "Yes, my dear," says Elizabeth's mother, "I want you to live your own life. I on't want to be in your way." But her actions belie er.

Elizabeth has a date with a boy-friend three nights succession. The boy is soon to leave for army traing camp. The relationship is beginning to spell mance to Elizabeth. But, three evenings in succeson away from mother. And more evening dates lanned. This is too much for mother to stand. Elizabeth comes upon her, weeping.

"Darling, what's the matter?"

"Oh, my dear," with sobs, "I just can't tell you."

"But darling, I don't want you to cry like that. What on earth is wrong?"

Then out it comes. "I know I shouldn't be so sensitive. It's just an old woman's burden to be left alone anyway. I wouldn't want to interfere...."

But she does interfere. Elizabeth stays home.

Elizabeth's mother keeps Elizabeth as dependent by rule of tears as does Natalie's mother by rule of tyranny.

Natalie complains, "I can't leave the house in the morning without her checking up on me. This morning she screamed, 'Don't you know that high heels are inappropriate for a college campus? Put on shoes with low heels.' The other day I went to the store and I got my first frilly petticoat. Cute, you know. Ribbons drawn through the lace. I'd had a ven for years for one like it. Well, when I got home, she had to see it. And then came the storm. Why had I bought it? Hadn't I been reading the consumer journals she'd left under my nose? Didn't I know that I could have bought two petticoats for the same price and more serviceable ones at that? It made me mad. I'll just show her up, I will. I'll do all the things now that she hates. I'll marry Tom, even. She doesn't like him. That'll teach her, all right." And it did. But it did not help Natalie. As a marriage it failed.

Elizabeth had followed one manner of dealing with a parent's demands; Natalie had followed another. Elizabeth had taken the road of renewed dependence. Natalie had taken the way of unreasoning revolt. Her revolt drove her into an unhappy mar-

age. It proved no real solution. Neither girl was able use liberty with any degree of wisdom. Neither id had opportunities to use it as they grew up.

All along, from earliest infancy, we must allow ildren to assume all the responsibility they wish take.

Responsibility in infancy! The idea is ridiculous! it it actually is not. Babies attempt to make decions for themselves. Then we curtail them. An innt, as was brought out earlier, knows best when he hungry. He wants to be fed after perhaps two ours instead of four. This constitutes a first way of ecision-making to him. But when he decides that wants food, what do we do? Instead of feeding m, and rewarding him for having taken the responoility of notifying us, we block him. We make the eding schedule our own responsibility; not his. The me with his toilet training. He must eliminate in e morning at a certain time. Only a few wise moths permit their babies to decide the matter for themlves. And so it goes. We take many kinds of responoility from our children all along the road.

Choices of friends. Whether to use lipstick. The ngth of dresses. The time to come in at night from date. These are decisions that our children want to ake for themselves. Choosing one's own way to do thing, from building with blocks when one is two making arrangements for a party when one is sixen—these are important. When a child does a thing s way, he is again making decisions. He is deciding w. (And of this we have spoken.) It is through

such constant making-of-his-own-decisions that a child learns the way of independent thought and action. He then comes to be able to use liberty sanely. He does not need to seek liberty belligerently through blind revolt. Nor does he need to find refuge in dependency because he is afraid.

Of course, he must learn, along with learning to use liberty, that liberty must sometimes be yielded. He must learn that a person can give up freedom voluntarily for the good of the majority in the group. This, too, is an essential of democracy. Once more realization comes best through experiences along the way.

Breakfast and lunch and dinner occur at certain times most convenient for all concerned. Possibly they break into a small child's play. He would prefer to continue on. But he can not have his choice here because other people must be thought of. The living-room has to be kept tidy. More than one person uses it and for many activities. Even though the eleven-year-old hates to take time-out to clean up after he has had cokes there with five friends, he must do so. His own room can be as messy as a pig-sty. No one else has to use it. But the living-room, out of respect for the comfort of others, must be kept neat and clean. The telephone may need to be abandoned at times by the fifteen-year-old whose main pleasure in life seems to be those conversations of hours' duration. Father has brought work home, perhaps. On the accomplishment of that work may depend a commission that furthers the welfare of the family as a

whole. The chattering of a voice over the phone may have to cease temporarily.

These are just hit-and-miss examples. They are, no doubt, sufficient to tell the tale. The point is that the child should have a chance to know that individual liberty can be yielded for the good of many.

He must acquire also deep social awareness. He must come to respect, as has been said, the capabilities of others and what contributions they can make to society. He must also come to the place where he can identify himself with them. He must have concern for their welfare. For them he must want the good life just as he wants it for himself.

Such attitudes come readily to a child under certain conditions. To achieve them, a child should have opportunities from the time he is little to practice give and take with others of his own age. Not older ones only to oppress and lead him; not younger ones only to follow or revolt!

Á good nursery school at two can do far more for him than any amount of preaching concerning the beauties of unselfishness. There the child can have many experiences of give and take early enough in his life to make deep and lasting impression.

But most important, again, for social awareness, is the feeling of being satisfied one's self. Only the starved envy those who are not hungry. If a person feels secure and adequate within himself, he will not need to envy others for satisfactions that bring security and adequacy to them. If he has had experiences enough with the use of liberty so that he

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knows deeply and well how it feels, he will not resent others having liberty as well.

Freedom of speech must be his also. And freedom to appeal. Freedom to stand up against that which he calls injustice. Again, we must let him have out his say. We must bear with him when he talks of that which he calls unfair in our treatment of him. In such wise, he learns. It is simple to go from there. He can see readily, for instance, why it is that we are fighting this war. We are preserving only that which we are helping him to preserve: Liberty and freedom, and the democratic way.

A Few Highlights

- 1. To help our children know what democracy is, we need to see that they have experience in democratic living.
- 2. A first essential of democracy is free participation.

We must help our children feel capable of worth-

while participation.

We must not demand participation beyond their strengths or their skills. For, if we do, they may feel that they can not contribute well enough. They may lose their zest for participation.

3. A democracy needs various types of participation.

We must help our children to know that different people have different parts to play. We do this best by honoring the different rôles people take within the family and by honoring well each member's differing abilities.

4. In a democracy people must know how to use liberty.

We must help our children to become independent.

From infancy on we must let them take whatever

responsibility they can.

- But we must not press responsibility lest they come to feel that it is something of too great burden—something they do not want.
- 5. In a democracy people need deep social awareness.

Most important for social awareness is a child's feeling of being satisfied within himself. He then knows from his own experience the type of satisfactions that all human beings need.

He must not have piled up hostility. For then he can not respect others. He is compulsively driven to express intolerance and persecution wherever he may.

6. We must help each child so to relish the democratic way that he desires to preserve it.

DEMOCRACY
IS A DISCOVERY THAT EACH INDIVIDUAL
MAKES OR FAILS TO MAKE FOR HIMSELF
AS HE LIVES.

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Chapter Eight

WHAT OF OUR SCHOOLS?

CHILD'S FIRST CONTACTS WITH SOCIETY lie within the walls of his home. His relationships with people there, what he does, how he feels, how he thinks, all enter into the formation of his attitudes toward society. If he lives in a home where he sees totalitarianism in action, where a dictator holds sway, he will be unlikely to form sound concepts concerning the democratic way of life. If he lives in a home where he has day-by-day experiences with democratic living, then he undoubtedly will form deeply within him the essence of that which will enable him to carry democracy on.

A child's next contacts with society lie within the walls of his school. His relationships with people there, what he does, how he feels, how he thinks, again enter into the formation of his attitude toward a larger society. In school he may experience autocracy in action. Or he may experience democracy in fluid continuity, day upon day.

What are we doing in our homes to help our chil-

dren form concepts of democratic living? That is one question. What are we doing in our schools? That is another.

Let us look.

Let us walk into a new and modern kindergarten. A wide room. Streamlined windows. Low tables. And forty children, all sitting around the tables, working with modeling clay.

The teacher is standing in front of them giving directions.

"You roll a little ball, this way, first," says the teacher.

They do.

"And you roll another bigger ball, this way."

They do.

"And you put the two balls together, one on top of the other."

They do.

"And now, children, you make the eyes and nose and mouth."

They do. All except one soulful-eyed youngster. He starts to flatten one of his clay balls. While he does this, he whispers to himself in the way that small children have, musingly, "I'll make a frog out of mine." Then the teacher sees him.

"John," she says, "get busy. We're waiting for you. Make it round again. Now put the two balls together."

John does.

"Good," says the teacher. "Now we all have such lovely snowmen."

A bell rings. The teacher glances at the clock.

"My goodness, time for recess. Let's put our things away quickly.... Into the clay can, children...."

And into the galvanized can serving as clay-container go the clay snowmen, one after another, and the teacher presses them neatly flat, demolishing them completely.

"Ready," says the teacher. "Ready to go outside. Line up at the door. Now keep good order. Single file."

What were these children learning about democratic living? Were they having a chance to learn, for instance, that different people are different and that they like to do different things? That it is valuable for society to have them do different things? Are they learning to tolerate actions that differ from their own?

What were the children learning about originality and inventiveness which have marked American progress? Nothing except to look down on these. Has not John, after all, been made a shining example? He has been corrected for doing something all his own when he started to make a frog. Corrected and made conspicuous for his fault before the group.

What were the children learning about work and its worth? Only that it is useless. They have worked —what for? To use what they have made? No. Not even to enjoy it; they have thrown what they have made into a can and their teacher has demolished it bit by bit, pressing it into flat nothingness.

What have these children learned about liberty?

Have they had even the slimmest opportunity to use it? Have they had a chance to know from experience that independence in choice and action are desirable? No, they have been penalized for any show of independence.

They have sat at desks, lined up like automata—or like the marching children one sees in fascist countries. They have all performed identically, under orders, like the youngest of the youth bands in Germany. They have marched evenly lined up, without uniform or guns, but in no less regimented fashion.

We say that children need to learn the ways of democracy in the schools. Sometimes they do. But ordinarily, all along, from kindergarten through the grades, through Junior High, High School, and college, what do teachers do? Teach children to do what they are told. To take facts from a text-book and to repeat these facts back. Not to work through to solutions. But to remember the authoritative word. To sit and listen. To copy and accept unquestioningly. To desist from challenging.

Take another sample. This time a sixth grade. There, on a wall, hung a large map of Europe drawn before the ghastly business now on hand had begun. The class was studying this map. The children were learning the boundaries of the different countries by copying the map onto pieces of paper on their desks.

The teacher walked up one row, down the other, looking over shoulders at the maps which the children were drawing. Not a word did she say until she

suddenly stopped in her path. She glared down on a serious child with glasses.

"Cynthia," she said, "you are doing it wrong. Look at your outlines of the Czechoslovakian boundaries. Just look at them. They are completely wrong."

"But," protested Cynthia, "the Czechoslovakian boundaries have changed since the wall-map was

printed."

"That's enough, Cynthia," came the retort in a tired though not unkind voice. "You're to do it the way I asked you to. Where would we be if everybody did it his own way?"

This is a changing world. We need to keep abreast. We need Cynthias to bring in challenges. To question the accepted word. To place new information against old, rather than to accept just anything merely because it is handed out as fact. Hitler has handed out a lot of choice bits as fact. The children of Germany have been educated well to accept the authoritarian word. Let's put this Nazi two and two together: Handing out facts plus training children to accept these facts without questioning. It adds up to something we do not want here.

Not so long ago this issue was placed before a group of teachers.

"Listening to challenges and questions takes time, though," argued one. "I haven't got time to do it." Echoes rose from various spots in the hall.

"We simply have not got time to listen to individual children." "And anyway," came a loud voice, "if we did give children a chance to talk, some would hog the show. Others would be so shy they'd say nothing. They wouldn't have the courage to...."

"Look," said another, "I've got some children who are timid in my room, so timid they don't know their souls are their own. I've got bullies. I've got some who steal, some who lie, some who cheat, some who are destructive and silly. Now if I didn't clamp down tight and keep them quiet and make them do just certain things, they would run riot...."

Then came the opposition. The tide ran stronger. Here was a hopeful note for democracy.

One man was vehement. He rose and, in a deep voice, boomed, "Can't you see, though, what you're doing when you clamp down tight on all those kids with all those problems? You are simply throwing a white sheet over the problems to keep you from seeing them. You're not doing a thing to help the children get over those problems. And you've got to if you expect them to live decently with each other."

Another picked him up. "If you let problems like that run on, what kind of citizens are those children going to make?"

A groan from the other side, "But you can't help children to get over problems like that. You haven't time. You'd have to know each and every individual child in your classroom well to be able to spot his problems in the first place. I teach two hundred a day. I don't even know their names."

Here indeed is a dilemma. How can teachers help



Photograph by A Pierce Artran.

By getting together, parents and teachers can pool information to help children grow in the democratic way.



children to grow as tolerant, socially conscious yet strong and independent people without helping each individual to root out those things which are getting in the way, and to build more strongly those sides of character and personality which each needs for democratic life?

Certainly a teacher can not even begin in the right direction if she contacts so many children that she does not know their names. It takes far better acquaintance to recognize character and personality weaknesses than to recognize which nose and hair and build go with each name. It takes more time still to work with the individual, to help him root out undesirable qualities and to root in desirable ones. To accomplish even a little of such a task, the teacher can not work single-handed. The child's teacher and his parents must work together. Only as they do this will they be able to see the child as completely as is necessary to help him develop in the best manner possible for him.

We all know that children act very differently at home and at school. Parents see one side; the teacher sees another. By pooling information, weaknesses and strengths can be lined up. Then parents and teachers can both head in the same direction in helping the child grow in his best fashion. But getting together with parents also takes time.

Time! Time! Time! The curse of too few minutes and too few hours in the day. And yet, now that war is on us, teachers need more time than ever to spend with children and with the parents of these children. "Why are we fighting this war anyway?" demands ten-year-old Jim belligerently.

"Don't you know?" counters Stella with great haughtiness. "We're fighting 'cause the Japs have got slant-eyes and that makes 'em mean."

Strange interlude! But there are many equally as strange. The teachers in our schools are going to need time and more time to help children come through these tragic years without too devastating a trail of ruin. They are going to need to help children gain clear understandings as to why we are fighting this war, what we are fighting for, what we hope to bring out of the holocaust. It takes far less time to copy the map of Europe than it does to talk and talk and talk about what has been progressively happening to that map. It takes longer still to talk about what the people have gone through who live in the countries shown on the map. And yet children must be helped to understand what is happening, and why; what it means to people, and why. Our teachers will need to spend much time helping children gain such concepts.

They will need to spend time, too, on other things. A child brings with him into the classroom his fears, his doubts, his hostilities, his desire to play out his tensions concerning the war. He does not leave these behind him at home. He can not lock them neatly in a small compartment to remain till school lets out. He brings them with him. He needs his teacher to help him handle them. And this takes time.

Nor have parents ever before needed teachers as much as they now do. War makes new problems for parents as well as for children. Both as people and as family members, parents are bound to be anxious about themselves and their children in the present crisis. The child is bound to feel his parents' anxiety. Probably the tension surrounding him will make him more difficult. Parents are wanting more than ever before to talk with some one about these fresh difficulties. The teacher is in a strategic position. She knows the child. She has the task, as do parents, of trying to control him. She seems to parents like a good person with whom to talk things over. She seems like a good person to whom to bring the thousand new questions in regard to guiding the child through this period of stress. Pooling questions at school can help parents to see their way more clearly. Knowing that some one else is thinking with them helps toward security. It helps to talk things over with teachers who know their children. Through such means, parents can often find help in giving to their children greater stability during unstable days. But this, too, takes time.

We must look facts in the face. Will teachers during the war years have time to do any of these things?

How many children do teachers ordinarily have to keep track of at one time? Three years back, over a thousand teachers in elementary schools were asked this very question. Another thousand or more junior and senior high-school teachers were asked the same. How many children did these teachers have under their guidance? The answers are enlightening.1

Seventy per cent of the elementary teachers had a load of over thirty children per classroom. Many had over fifty children apiece. The average number per classroom in elementary schools was slightly over thirty-five children for each teacher. In high schools the number rose. During a single day, 74 per cent of the teachers had 125 children or more, the average number per teacher being somewhat over 158 children each day. Not a few had over 250 a day.

Most elementary teachers say, "If I could only have from twenty to twenty-five children in my room I could do a good job." Most high-school teachers say, "If I could cut about fifty children off my load and use the period I spend with them to make double time with about thirty of the children I teach, I could get to know those thirty fairly well."

The elementary-school teachers' statement is clear. If twenty or twenty-five children were to spend all day with a teacher, she would have time to get to know each individual among those twenty or twenty-five. And she would have some time and energy left also to get to know their parents.

In high school and junior high, however, children go from room to room. They spend a forty-minute period with a mathematics teacher, a period with an English teacher, and so on. They pass from teacher to teacher each successive class period, contacting at

¹ The sources for this and other data quoted in this chapter are chiefly bulletins of the National Education Association, the U. S. Bureau of Census, the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the U. S. Treasury Department, and Department of Commerce.

least six or seven every day, with a new galaxy of faces every semester. One of the several teachers whom they contact is usually designated as their "home-room teacher." They spend ten or fifteen minutes a day with her.

A few schools, however, do better. The suggestion just stated has been carried out by home-room teachers working for two periods each day with their children. In one school, for instance, each home-room teacher is equipped to teach at least two subjects. In another school, each home-room teacher teaches a combination of subjects called perhaps "Social Studies"-comprised of a combination probably of English, Geography, and History, including present-day affairs. Or called, perhaps, "Family Living," and embracing home economics, child welfare, consumer education and the like. By having double periods with his children, the teacher gets to know them. Then, when he meets with the parents of these children, he is talking to father or mother of a known person, not of a total stranger.

But this sort of thing happens far too seldom. In most schools over the country, at all grade levels, the teachers teach so many children that they do not get to know any of them. Not knowing them, they can hardly help them to learn the essentials of democratic living. They can not help many of their children even to learn to read.

The last fact we know full well. Many of us who are parents have bemoaned it seriously and with sadness. We have placed blame on the "new-fangled"

methods of teaching reading. We have sworn mightily at "those crazy progressive ideas." But that is not where the blame should lie. Public criminal number one is none other than too-heavy-teacher-load which prevents the teacher from giving children individual attention. Proof of the pudding lies in an experiment carried on in one city.¹

Work was started with over twenty-six hundred children who could not read. They averaged nine years of age. One of the first problems that had to be solved was who was to teach them. All the regular school teachers had large classes. There would not be room for the laggards in classrooms of those teachers who were most skilled in teaching reading. But, in that year, there were many available teachers who had not been successful in getting regular school positions. Five hundred of them were employed to undertake the reading project. Most of them were inexperienced. None of them had taught longer than four years. Few had ever tackled the job of teaching reading to children who had had a hard time learning to read. But they started. And they did one thing in common. They gave the children individual attention. At first they took two or three children together, then later eight or nine, few enough so that each teacher could really know each child. Within a year, 90 per cent of those children had made satisfactory improvement. With individual attention, even under unskilled teachers, they had learned to read.

Reading, though, is easy as compared with learn¹ In New York under Dr. Arthur Gates and Dr. Annette Bennett.

ing to live democratically. If children need individual attention to learn to read, then all the more do they need it to learn the essentials of democracy. But—and here comes the biggest but—we supposedly can not afford this. "They" say, education already costs too much. And now, "they" say, during war, funds for education must be cut. As if education were not a vital part of what we are fighting for. After all, if we do not educate our children to live democratically, it is useless to save democracy for them.

Parents need to rise up and demand that more instead of less be spent on education. Teacher loads need to be cut. Education must be more universally provided in the early years. It is a devastating fact, for instance, that nine million children under six are having no educational advantages in nursery school or kindergarten. It is during these years that parents most desire a teacher's help. It is during these years that characters are most pliable and that education can do most for personalities.

The nursery school has an especially important part to play during the war. More and more, mothers will be drawn into industry. Young women are needed. Industrial plants want women of the very ages when they have young children to care forfrom twenty-one to thirty-five. Women, ideally, should stay home, so we say, when they have young children. But, practically, they are needed. They are needed to help make airplanes, machine tools, surgical instruments, bullets and shells; to put together dials for tanks and ships; to help supply army and

navy with the wherewithal for war. They are needed in industry, these women. It is useless for us to sit home and say, "They should stay home." They can not stay home, many of them, if we are to win the war. But neither can their children stay home under incompetent care, or no care at all. Not if we are to win the war in order to preserve democracy. For, children who have been left uncared for, and lonely, and hungry, and frightened will grow into adults who will not be able to live at all democratically. We shall have lost men and ships and planes in vain.

A similar truth holds, if we fail to educate any of our children. We must educate them, and educate them for more democracy, all along the way.

Some schools manage to do a good job. Some teachers manage to, also, even in schools where a good job is not generally happening. In some schools we see children functioning in a way that gives them real and fine experiences with the democratic process. Under the guidance of certain teachers we see them functioning similarly.

Here, for instance, is another sixth grade. The children are studying pioneer days. Not from a map on the wall, though maps a-plenty are available. They have read about pioneers, they have talked about them. Why had those pioneers stood hardships willingly? What were the values they had been after? Were they not the very same values that we are now fighting to keep? How had the pioneers lived? What had they done?

To make for clear concepts, the method of learning

had not all been verbal. There had not been reading and discussion alone. Learning had not had to take place through use of eyes and head alone. Bodies and emotions had also entered into the learning. The children had been pioneers. They had identified themselves with them, acting out their daily lives, dramatizing their more difficult problems. They had been attacked by Indians. They had weathered storms. They had hunted food, made their wagons and their homes. They had gone through pioneer days and their own days, building with vitality a variety of democratic attitudes and concepts.

They noticed that some could paint lovely and strong pictures showing the different phases of pioneer life. Some could not paint so well, but that did not matter; there were lots of other things to be done. Some were good with hammer and saw, when it came to constructing a covered wagon. Others were quick at figuring out yardage for costumes. Some were especially competent at making arrangements for visits to the museum where pioneer tools and implements, materials and models could be examined. Some were especially eager participants in dramatic play, putting particular zeal into their acting.

As mother of the family, Maudie, in one spontaneously created scene, stood, for instance, in exalted position by virtue of her competent bossings. Her discipline smacked of hostility. None the less it proved acceptable. She spanked and used cat-o'-nine-tails freely.

"These are what they had in those days to make

children mind. Now, hurry, Jonathan. Hurry and get some food for dinner."

"You're cruel to me, Mother. I don't want to go out into the woods to try to shoot any wild turkey."

"Wild turkey! Woods!" Maudie's voice was sneering. "The idea. You're getting yourself all mixed up with the Pilgrims and Thanksgiving. You're a pioneer, that's what you are."

"All right, then. Rabbits. But don't you see, I'm tired from all of our journey. Don't you realize that we've gone over rocks and boulders and that I've helped push the wagon when it got stuck on the mountainous road?"

"You gotta be brave, Jonathan. You're the only boy left in this wagon. Go with your father. He's tired, too. If you don't..." with a swish of the cat-o'-ninetails, and something that sounded like an anachronism but a sincere one. Under the breath, "If you don't, I'll brain you."

In the next scene, however, Jonathan, né John, got even. He became the wagon boss. He wielded the big stick. He cursed and threatened. Little mother had to do his bidding.

In the process, both Maudie and John were discharging the hostility that needs so much to be discharged if children are to keep from storing it. That, too, is a function of the school. In fact, in many cases teachers can let children come out with their hostilities more easily than can parents. Teachers are less emotionally involved. They are less apt to be hurt because the children are not their own. There are

opportunities a-plenty in the school for such outlets—through painting, through clay modeling, through dramatization, through the stories and poems that children write.

"You can write about anything you want," says one insightful teacher to a fourth-grade group. "You can write about any of the good feelings you have or the nice things that have happened to you. You can even write about mean and nasty feelings, like being angry and mad. Lots of people have those feelings, you know, and it's good to get them off your chests. You can say so even if you're mad at anything I've done..."

Astonished eyes. Last year's teacher, and the teacher of the year before and the year before that, in fact no teacher, has ever said anything like this before. (Only rare ones do.) But what a chance.

Out of that class of thirty-five, thirty write about being mad.

A sample from an advanced youngster:

A BAD DAY OR TWO

God damn it. I got out of bed on the wrong side this morning and the start is bad. My mother calls me and says, "You have to eat an egg this morning." Under my breath the words come out. God damn it, why do hens lay eggs. Well, that was all there was to it. I have to eat an egg. Eggs are good just as long as I do not have to cook them. Then she says, "You have to ride your bike to school, and by the way, is your room clean? Well, is it? NO. Well, go clean it then."

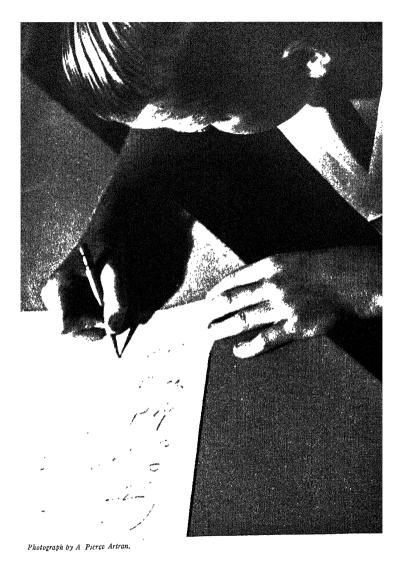
I got off to school. I guess you got out on the wrong

side, too. I had a bad day. First you said, "Bill, the roll." "All here. All here. All here." And so on and so forth. Then you called us up for reading. It was my turn. Then there was a word I never heard of. You got mad. God damn it. Why do I have to read, I said, under my breath, mind you. But I meant God damn it just the same.

In such writing a child can protest against oppression, not store up feelings of hostility against it. He learns a fundamental asset of the democratic way—that a person can speak out when he feels unfairly treated. That he has the right to appeal; that he has the right to make his case clear. Ordinarily children are afraid. But not Bill or the other children with this teacher.

"We feel so good since we wrote those stories about being mad," they told her. And many who had written complaints about her added, "We're not mad at you any more."

In dramatic play such as John and Maudie have had, and in such activities as go on in this last classroom, many worth-while things transpire. Different children's abilities come to light naturally and surely. One child can do one thing well, another child can do something different well. There are chances for all to participate. There are chances to see that hands and body can be valued as much as head alone. Originality and inventiveness, as these appear, can be cherished. Turn-about and fair play can be emphasized. But mainly, children can have opportunities galore in the use of liberty. They can make choices and carry through on their own initiative. They can



Bill, as he writes a story, voices feelings against oppression.

reason out problems for themselves. When they want it, they can obtain help, but help need not be forced on them. They can enter into decision-making. They can learn to use freedom easily and with wisdom.

We must not let any one tell us that we can not afford education that does these kinds of things. We must not let any one tell us that teachers can not have more time, that their load need not be lightened, that such education costs too much.

Before the war in the United States, we spent four and a half times as much per year on passenger automobiles as we did on public education, including elementary schools, high schools, colleges, and universities. We spent about twice as much on luxuries as on education. Almost twice as much specifically on tobacco, soft drinks, ice-cream, goods and services sold in beauty parlors, and admissions to motion-picture theaters, ball games, and other places of amusement. And yet, we let ourselves be told that we were spending too much on education. We are letting ourselves be told the same thing now.

The wise investor thinks not only of what he puts into an investment; he thinks of the yield, the value received in the end. In regard to children and education, a slightly larger investment could bring a much greater rate of return. A slightly larger investment could produce a much larger profit.

Only we would need to make sure that we were getting our money's worth out of such expenditures. We would need to insist on certain things. Smaller loads, for one, for our children's teachers. And a re-

quirement that teachers get to know the children they teach.

We would need to remember that to know children, teachers must also know parents. We would insist, for that reason, that time for parents be budgeted as part of the teachers' duties.

We would insist, too, that teachers should not pour stuff into our children's heads and expect them to accept it unquestioningly as holy-mackerel, authoritarian truth. We would insist that teachers instead teach our children to question and to challenge, to separate scientific data from opinion, to look up facts and figures, to sift, to compare, to reason, to weigh evidence, to stand on their own two feet in arriving at conclusions; to take all the evidence they can obtain into the picture, rather than to take unquestioningly whatever the teacher or the text-book says.

We would insist that the teacher consider it her responsibility to help children develop the kinds of character and personality that can actually use liberty. We would insist that she foster courage and independence, fairness, social-mindedness, tolerance, a lack of unreasoning prejudice. We would want her to help any child who showed inventiveness and originality to develop these traits to their utmost. For only as our teachers accomplish such tasks will democracy be safe in our children's hands.

Help Wanted

- It is discouraging when we try to help our children acquire the principles of democratic living at home to have these same principles counteracted at school.
 We want help from our schools instead.
- 2. It is far more important that children learn democracy in school than that they learn Latin and a lot of other subjects.
- 3. Teachers and parents must work closely together to help children become the kinds of people who can live democratically.
- 4. Teachers must study each individual child to help him develop after his best fashion. His best is needed if he is to contribute most to democracy.
- 5. Educational facilities must not be cut out during the war if we expect to preserve that which we are fighting for.
- 6. Our children will inherit democracy. We must educate them to carry it on.

WE NEED DEMOCRACY IN EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY TO SURVIVE.

Chapter Mine

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Why are we fighting?"

A difficult question.

To preserve liberty and freedom.

Those are long words. What do they mean?

To preserve the democratic way of life. To keep ourselves free of oppression and dictatorship.

Long words again. What do they mean?

A much more simple and current explanation: "We're fighting the Japs and the Germans because they're wicked."

Who's wicked? All the Japs? All the Germans?

It's very confusing.

Some parents say, "Sure, let kids believe that. The more they hate those people the better." But most thoughtful parents say, "We don't want our children to lump all Japanese and all German people together into one mass. We know that among all peoples there are some who are wicked. And some who are humanitarian and intelligent and democratic, in the best sense of all these words. We know that if our chil-

dren get to lumping people together under class labels of any sort, we have trouble in store for the freedoms for which we are fighting. It is easy to go from the wickedness of all Japanese to the wickedness of all those who can be named under any class name. All Jews, of course. All Negroes. All Catholics. All socialists. All politicians. All capitalists. All union leaders. All lawyers.

And this we do not want.

It is easy to go from hatred against Japanese and Germans to hatred against any other groups. Unreasoning hatred. Prejudicial. Intolerant. Undemocratic. We do not want it; we can not have it. Not if we believe in democracy, and are fighting to save what it stands for.

A poem, written recently, reaches poignantly to the heart of the problem. It begins:

Not by the bomb alone,

Nor by the bullet from the rattling gun,

Nor by the missile launched from under sea,

Shall all the hurt be done.

There is always the rumor rising out of the dust, The killing whisper, the word like a saber thrust.

There are always the little people who have no voice. No knowledge, and no choice.

All of us know these little people. We talk with them. We smile at them. We know them as individuals. And then, unthinking, we lump them together when we say, "All such are wicked."

¹ Phyllis McGinley, "Casualty List," The New Yorker, January 10, 1942.

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Horito's worked for my uncle forty years—
A quiet man but good at taking orders,
At pruning grapes and the trees of yellow pears,
And raking graveled borders.

Perhaps we recognize him. Perhaps we know others like him. Perhaps we know only their quiet and unobtrusive exteriors. But perhaps, like the uncle for whom Horito worked, we know something about the more meaningful events in the life of this or that person.

His wife is dead, he told me once, confiding
That she had not borne him any sons at all.

Japan to him is a memory dry and fading
As marigolds in the fall.

My uncle and his gardener, as old men do, Love to dispute of flowers, of soil and shade. Shall they talk together in freedom, now, these two?

Or over a barricade?

These two. Old men together. In common talk over a common interest. Must such talk cease because of differences in people's backgrounds? And the color of their skin? During the war—perhaps necessarily. But after?

There's a carpenter in our town whose name is Peiper— Ernst Peiper, born in a farmhouse on the Rhine.

He has a wife and a home and his citizen's papers. And his work is fine.

But with "this" and "that" he has never learned to grapple.

And his mother lives in the Reich. (They say that's

So it's going to be hard for Ernst, I think, when people Stop giving him work to do.

Yes, hard for them all—little makers of bamboo frames, Little knickknack sellers, and tillers of lettuce farms, And stooping hairdressers wearing their German names, And Italian waiters with napkins over their arms. There are always the little people who have no voice, No knowledge, and no choice.

Oh, let them remember, when the bread of kindness sours.

It was neither their fault nor ours.

Neither their fault nor ours! What a good thing to remember. What a good thing to hold on to. Not their fault because among them have been too many little people with no voice, no knowledge, and no choice. Not our fault because we were forced to go into battle to keep all and every one of us from becoming little people without voice, without knowledge, without choice. No liberty existed in the lands from where they came. Liberty must exist in ours. And yet, many have remained, even among us, little people with no voice. Shall our children heap wrath and vengeance on them for this?

We know, of course, that there are some who would betray us, who are against us and all that we stand for. But there are also those who sincerely hold to the values we want to preserve.

Our children, however, come home to us and show us their firm belief that all enemy people are wicked. Why? Do they do this purely by virtue of a class name? Germans. Japs. Do these labels of themselves make a man wicked?

Obviously there is more to it than that. Hatred of

all Japanese and all Germans lumped together, has several meanings. It has emotional meaning. It has also intellectual meaning. We can not dismiss the matter by just saying, "Some Japanese and Germans are good; others are bad." This fails to touch the roots of either the emotional or the intellectual reasons for the hatred's existence. For a more adequate handling of the problem, we need to examine four questions. One: What does the hatred, or condemnation, of all Japanese and Germans mean emotionally? Two: How root out what it means emotionally? Three: What does it mean intellectually? Four: How root out what it means intellectually?

The emotional first. We all know how emotions can influence judgments.

"I don't know why I don't quite trust him. I have a feeling, though, that I can't."..."I would judge her to be a very rigid person. She looks just like an aunt of mine whom I never could budge."..."I don't believe it's important for people to learn to swim. I'm afraid of the water."..."Anything to do with the stock market is risky business."..."Vivisection is so cruel. I've always loved dogs."

Where do the bases of these premises lie if not in emotional slants? Just so, many of the bases of a generalized hatred of all Japanese or all Germans. What are the bases on which such generalized hatred lies?

They are no different than are the bases of other hostilities. As we know by now, all of us have grown up with hostilities within. They start when we are little, in cultures where mothers are taught to be strict with their babies and to deprive them of the more fundamental satisfactions. We have come to see, we hope, how the principle of non-spoiling generates hatred. We have come to see, too, that unless hostile feelings are let out, little by little, they pile up. Hostility then comes out against any convenient object. And the Japanese and Germans are now very convenient.

We have seen that hostility can be let out against those who drive and deprive the child. Or, using another word, against those who oppress him. (And this is an especially appropriate term in connection with the topic under consideration.) Unless hostile feelings can be let out against oppression and the oppressor, they come out elsewhere and in many directions.

This last point is probably the most important one here. We, the parents, are the earliest oppressors. We have ordinarily not let hostility come out against us. And so it comes out where it may. What better object than the Japanese and Germans? Hostility against them is permitted; not forbidden. It is, in fact, encouraged. All the soldiers in their compelling uniforms, all the sailor boys in theirs, stand as evidence that such hatred has a perfect right to exist. They are against the Japanese and Germans. Are they not going to fight them? This is War. Why should all of us not hate all of them?

And so the same old question confronts us. The problem boils down to a question of channeling hos-

tility. How do we do this? Not by shoving it under. Rather, as we know, by letting it come out.

The war talk and war play that our children do contains plenty of hatred. Such talk and such play may provide them well with outlets. We do not need to worry that it will make them more hostile. It will make them less so. It will reduce the pressures of the hostilities that they clothe in war terminology. It will make them more able to accept the intellectual clarifications that we are after. It will help them to approach the problem of Japanese and Germans with judgments less ruled by blind emotion. They will have become free of some of the emotional compulsive push.

The hatred of all Japanese and Germans, then, means that emotional hostility to closer people has been projected. In talk and play against Japs and Germans, the child is using a language of his own—a symbolic language. He is simply saying in this symbolic language that we have oppressed him. This is his protest against oppression. Once having protested sufficiently and having obtained sufficient release, he can move on to more considered intellectual realizations.

What does mass-hatred mean intellectually? Simply that these children are mixed up. They are not straight on the fact that a fanatic in Germany has created a régime that allows no voice, no knowledge, and no choice. They are not straight on the fact that the party in power in Japan has done the same. How

can we help children to see these facts with clearer view?

Can our children see any real meaning to the concept of an oppressed people being driven on? Can they at all understand that those above are hard and harsh? Are these facts not too difficult and too complicated and too remote?

Of course, we say, they are. But when we stop to think, we can see that they have a counterpart as well in the very close daily lives of our children.

Are not our children sometimes driven?

Are not our children sometimes oppressed?

Are those above not sometimes also hard and harsh?

These do not seem like pretty questions to those who do the driving and the oppressing, to those who are at times hard and harsh. But they are pertinent questions. They are questions which we must face honestly. We do not need to be ashamed, after all, to say, "Of course, we as parents do sometimes drive our children. Of course we oppress them. Of course we are sometimes hard and harsh. We've been taught that we should bring children up in ways that make life hard and harsh. But this we did not realize till very recently. So we were actually not able to do better."

If we are not afraid to face these facts ourselves, we will not be afraid to help our children face them. We will not be afraid to let these facts steer our children into attaching clearer meanings to a more remote problem—their over-all hatred of enemy peoples. Every father and every mother has been dictator and oppressor to their children at moments in their children's lives. Therefore children know how it is to have no voice, no knowledge, and no choice. We, the parents, have a close and familiar ground between us and our children on which to put words that can have meaning sufficient to bring light onto territory further off.

Royden comes home. "Gee," he says, "You should of seen what I did to-day. Japs. Hundreds and thousands and millions of them. In jallopies. With birdcages and babies. You should of seen them!"

Graphically, in nine-year-old language, he describes the trek of the Japanese population from one of the west coast cities to a reception center. "They're going to be locked up," he ends with glee, "and it serves them right. They're wicked. Every one."

"Why do you think they're all wicked?"

It is a tough question for a nine-year-old. But Royden manages. "Because they're fighting the war." And, enthusiastically, "I hate them 'cause they're wicked, too."

Royden's father groans inwardly. How can he make the matter clear to this child? He'll try. But it probably won't mean a thing.

"You know, Roy, you hate people, don't you, when they make you do things? You hate Mother and me when we make you do things you don't want to?"

"Sure," answers Roy. But he sees no connection. "Did you know that the Japs and the Germans are

made to do things? Lots of things.... In Germany, you know, you've heard of a man called Hitler?"

This sounds like a story. Once-upon-a-time. Only the time is the present. Roy is entranced.

"Well, Hitler makes the people of Germany do many, many things. He tells them what they may do and what they may not do. Everything. Do you know, he makes them burn up the books that he doesn't want them to read? He won't let them choose the friends they might like to have. He tells them that they can only go with certain people. They can't marry any one they want. Only certain people. He makes them do what he wants; not what they want."

"Look, Dad. Would they burn up my Pinocchio?"
"If Hitler wanted."

"And wouldn't they let me bring Gordon home to lunch?"

"Not if Hitler didn't want you to. Not if Gordon was one of the people Hitler didn't like."

"I wouldn't like that."

"A lot of Germans don't like it either. Some of them, of course, do. They don't know any better. But some of them don't. I imagine they hate Hitler."

"Well, I do, too." Belligerently.

"He's a good one to hate, all right." And Father goes on. "The Japs, now, they've got a whole bunch of people who make them do things."

"Like you and Mother when you gang up against us kids?"

"Exactly."

"Gee, I hate them, too." And then with sudden

new connection, "D'you suppose some of those Japs to-day hated those guys?"

A light had dawned. Royden was beginning to see the difference between hating the oppressor and the oppressed.

For a child who has been able to admit hostility to a parent, such realization goes but one step further. It has a familiar ring. Of course, we will fight and hate the oppressor, just as he has fought and hated us when he was oppressed. Of course, we are fighting now. And fight we must to save ourselves and others from oppression. To preserve liberty and freedom instead of bowing to oppression. To preserve the democratic way of life.

But often we make it difficult for our children to hate and to fight against that which they feel is oppression. We clothe what they call oppression in the righteous terms of "necessary discipline." We punish severely when our children dare to protest.

Often, too, we make it difficult in another manner for children to realize the difference between oppressor and oppressed. We ourselves fail to realize the difference. We find ourselves indiscriminately hating all enemy peoples, lumping them together without selecting out those on whom the blame actually lies. And then our children are bound to add imitation to their reasons for embracing hatred of all.

Hatred for the oppressor, not the oppressed. This is important. It can happen, however, only as we permit children to express their hostility to whatever oppression is real to them in their own lives. Their

way to justifiable hatred of oppression lies not through hating in blind indiscrimination. Not through hating without admitting that they hate. It does not lie through letting hatred come to drain off through prejudice, intolerance, cheating, and continuous hurtfulness. The way to instifiable hatred of the oppressor lies through admission and recognition that they can and may express their hatred against their parents when they feel that their parents oppress. The expression of hostility against us as our children feel that we are hard and harsh is something for us to cherish rather than to condemn. We must foster expression against oppressiveness. We must not condemn our children for it lest they lose the capacity of daring to bring it directly out. For we want our children to be able to express hatred of hardness and harshness and unfairness all through their lives. We want them to dare to put hate where hatred should be.

Hatred for the oppressor, not for the oppressed. This is our keynote. If children can comprehend it, then they can go on ad infinitum playing and saying much about bombings and killings and being against a generalized mass of Germans or Japanese. The playing and saying may seem to imply that the children hold hatred against all. But essentially the *all* will have become a symbol only of those in power. The most thoughtful and deepest hostility will have been channeled against the oppressor and not the oppressed.

The Heinrichs or the Hitlers-Which?

- Many children may come to feel a hatred of all Japanese and Germans, simply because they are Germans and Japanese.
- It becomes too easy then to place any group of people together under a class name. This is a process which creates prejudice in vain. It is, in essence, undemocratic.
- 3. We need to help our children pit their hatred against the Hitlers, not against the Heinrichs. They must be helped to see as culpable the leaders, not the common man who has no voice, no knowledge, and no choice.
- 4. Hatred our children have a right to hold against oppression and the oppressor.
- 5. We must grant to our children freedom to talk of any and all oppression they may feel in their lives. We must encourage them to let come out what they feel against their oppressors.
- 6. This, however, is difficult for us. Children so often feel that we, the parents, are the oppressors. Protest therefore hurts and is hard to take.
- 7. None the less we must permit such protest. For only as a child dares protest openly, will he continue to fight with clear vision directly against that which to him seems hard and harsh.

CHILDREN SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED
—NOT FORBIDDEN—
TO PROTEST AGAINST OPPRESSION
ALL ALONG.

Chapter Ten

TAKING PART

GROUP OF PEOPLE were discussing memories of difficult moments in their lives. Said one, "The time our house was on fire. That was awful. My father had been born there. I had been born there. So many things had happened in that old house. Birthday parties and weddings and funerals. My favorite uncle coming home to stay with us after being wounded in the last war. My brother and I poring over old volumes of family photographs. Those photographs now burning up with everything else in the house. I stood out front, watching the flames filling the windows and rising through the roof. I felt helpless. And enraged because I was helpless. I was completely defeated. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, I could do."

We have all felt similarly. When a crisis arises, we want desperately to help. We feel defeated and miserable when we can not find something to do.

In the present crisis, we want also to help. Our children are no different. They, too, want to help.

Says a nine-year-old to her mother, "Why didn't you bear me sooner? So I could be of some use in this war."

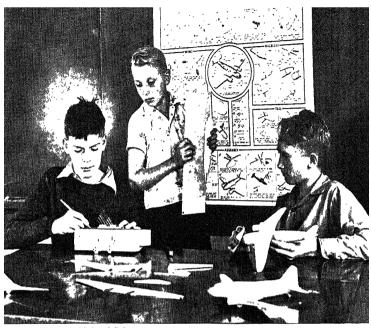
Says four-year-old Tom, who has never before been willing to go to sleep without a light in his room, "You'd better turn it off now, Dad. They need electricity to win the war." He, too, feels the necessity to help.

Our boys may be too young to join the armed forces. But that does not mean they are too young to help. Our girls may be too young to join the Women's Auxiliary Corps, or to do nursing, canteen duty, or ambulance driving. But that does not mean they are too young to help. Our children may be clumsy and lacking in maturity enough for concentrated effort. But that does not mean they are too young.

Children want to know that they can be of some use in the war. Even the youngest enjoy spasmodic bits of helping. Whereas those in the middle years and early adolescence attain an augmented sense of their own worth when they have "joined up" to contribute their share.

"You somehow feel braver when you're doing something," said one young adolescent. "You don't worry so much about bombing planes coming over. You're too busy. You feel, too, that you're helping to keep them away."

Many groups are joining forces in mobilizing the strength of our children and youth into worth-while war effort. Many schools have programs in which



Photograph by James M. Campbell, Jr Burbank City School, Burbank, California.

Che Navy wants model airplant for demonstration purposes.

children can help. Civilian Defense Councils and Youth Organizations alike have activities in which young people may engage. Our homes, too, can do much to encourage participation of various sorts.
"What can I do?" asks John.

"What can I do?" asks Jane.

We can say to both, "There is plenty to do."

To John and Jane we can say:

It depends on what you are interested in and what you are able to do. Many interests and capabilities can serve in this war. You are good with your hands, perhaps? Let's see. Here are some of the possibilities for volunteering.

Carpentry? Is that the thing that interests you? Well, you can make splints or stretchers. Or, if you are especially skilful and accurate, did you know that the Navy wants model airplanes for demonstration purposes? Or, if you're not quite so skilful, did you know that local police and fire departments want models of bombs to use for demonstration when their members give talks?

Sewing? Why, of course, you can cut and fold and sew bandages. Or, if you'd rather, you can help make armbands for Civilian Defense workers.

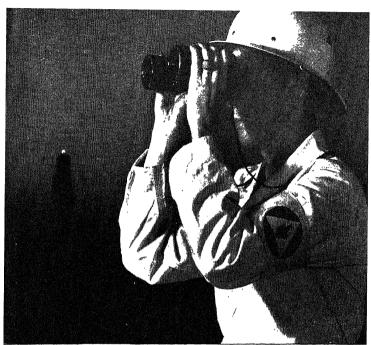
Cooking? Yes, food conservation is tremendously important. And food preparation. Not only at home, but in canteens if you're old enough. It's a good bet to know as much as you can about nutrition. Be sure to take courses to learn. You're needed to help with cooking and canning. In case of necessity, if you know enough about foods, you might prove of very

great value, helping cook for little children or for old people or for invalids.

Speaking of invalids, do you happen to be interested in the care of the injured or ill? Because, if you are there are courses in *Home Nursing*. (The Girl Scouts, for instance, give them.) There are courses in *First Aid*. (Even the eight- and nine-year-old Blue Birds of the Camp Fire Girls can join.) Courses, too, in so-called *Hospital Service*, where you learn to help efficiently in hospitals with cleaning up, with taking messages, with flower arrangements and with the thousand and one little things that can make wounded soldiers and sailors and sick civilians more comfortable. (You can go to the Y.W.C.A. to enroll.)

Or, if you're good at *mechanical activities*, you can join up in Motor Mechanics and become really skilled in electrical and other repair work. (That is, if you're a boy and between seven and eighteen and if you sign up through the Boys' Club of America.)

Did you say you could do typing? Good enough. You'll find plenty of places where you can use this ability. (In one city over a thousand girls were placed at the beginning of summer vacation on volunteer typing jobs.) If you don't know how yet but would like to learn, see if you can't do so right in your own school. If you can type or do other clerical jobs, run right down to the Defense Council in your town, or over to the Red Cross Chapter house nearest to you and see if there aren't a million and one things for you to do. Or register at the nearest Civilian Defense



Photograph by Los Angeles Council for Dejense, Los Angeles, California.

The fire watcher's job is to spot where bombs drop and start fires.

Volunteer Office, and they will send you to where you can be of most service.

Like books and reading? Those are your particular hobbies? And you thought in consequence you'd be useless and you'd better find something better? No, indeed. Just stick to these. Go to your nearest library and see what you can do to collect books and magazines for the soldiers and sailors. Or go over to the Red Cross and see about helping to catalog books and articles for them.

No, don't tell me that you're all set for a stage career. Acting is it? That's what you are after in your adolescent years? Well, did you know that you can participate in a variety of programs performed before service clubs? Youth organizations in coöperation with tire manufacturers, gasoline refiners, and utility companies put such programs on.

Music? Phonographs and records are needed to entertain the boys who are fighting.

Telegraphy? Go straight to the Boy Scout offices and volunteer your assistance on telegraphy, cable, and radiogram.

Want to be a detective? (The dream of every healthy youngster, boy and girl.) Learn finger-printing, then, at Police Headquarters. Perhaps you can make your arrangements directly. Or, if you're the proper sex, you might enroll through the Camp-Fire Girls.

How about combining your dream of being an explorer and your particular contribution to the war? You can explore and learn about your community.

You can become an expert on where to go in case of an emergency. Perhaps, like one boy, you'll want to make a scrap-book with maps of first-aid stations and addresses of air-raid wardens in the districts near you; where to go for sugar-cards and the like. Perhaps, like the same boy, you'll want to study your scrap-book and memorize the information it contains so that if a bombing comes and your precious compendium is burned, you still will know what is what.

Perhaps you'd like to be a *messenger* for the Boy or Girl Scouts? Or, if you are a boy, and over fifteen, take some training and work as a messenger, under the direction of the Police Department?

Another thing you can do with the Police Department if you're over sixteen is to serve as a *Fire Watcher*. Your job is to spot where bombs drop and start fires. You have to climb up onto the roofs to see as far as you can. You need training for this, too, in incendiary-bomb control, gas defense, the various types of fires, how to handle the minor types yourself, for which ones to call the fire department, and all such exciting matters.

Or perhaps you're the sort of person who likes the out-of-doors; who yearns for the soil and for green, growing things? No, not *Victory Gardens* only. Although Victory Gardens can really challenge. One girl and boy, for instance, supplied their whole neighborhood in a district where fresh market produce was scarce. Not Victory Gardens only. But the trees and the forests, and the fields and the farms. Boys in their teens are needed for *forestry conservation and refor-*



Photograph by Los Angeles Evening News. Broadoaks School of Education, Whittier College, Pasadena, California.

Even the littlest ones can help to raise chickens and ducks.



estation. In anticipation of possible sabotage, youth groups are offering the brain and brawn of their members to the United States Forestry Service to form "work armies." Forest Rangers are in charge. (What more healthy vacation could one have?)

Boys and girls from fourteen on can help on farms and ranches. In one vicinity many have helped through the past summer to harvest crops of tomatoes, berries, and beans.

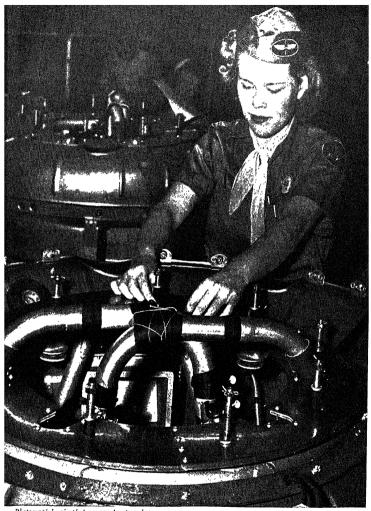
"But," chime in hundreds and hundreds of girls, "we're more interested in homes and in children. We're looking forward to when we'll be married. Children are what we like best. This is what we'd like to do: We'd like to help with *child care*."

To these girls, we would say, "Come hither. There is work a-plenty for you." Probably right in your schools-perhaps in your elementary school even; but more likely in your high school or junior high-you will find courses to train you to help with children. (In one elementary school, the girls and boys of from nine to twelve took turns in helping in a nursery school up the block. That was part of their training. They were especially useful at dressing and undressing and feeding times. They felt especially important because in this school there were children of women who worked in defense industries. Said one youngster proudly, "What do I do for the War? Why, every day I button up pants on a whole bunch of children whose mothers are making bullets to shoot the Japs!") But it's not all pants' buttoning. There are meals to be fed, and stories to be told, and blankets

to lay over babies as they fall asleep, and the dozen and more small chores that surround the care of small children.

We would say to girls who are interested: "If your school can't give you some training to help in child-care programs, go see if the Camp Fire Girls or the Girl Scouts in your district have courses. Dr. Lenroot of the United States Children's Bureau has helped to formulate the work that you'll need to take. If you have any difficulty locating where to go, you can always phone the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office to find out. In fact, you can find out about many different kinds of work, and you can register for these, at the same office, if you are fifteen or over. If you're under fifteen, you will probably find work most easily through your schools or through Scout, Camp Fire, and other such organizations.

But perhaps your interests lie in still other directions. If you are either boy or girl, and if you are at almost any age of reason, you no doubt enjoy the time-worn pursuit of collecting. (Don't we all remember the urge to collect? Marbles, and stamps, and dozens of sample bottles and jars!) Well, now it's time to collect for the war. Aluminum and rubber. (Hey, there, not father's last tennis shoes or mother's last bathing cap. And certainly not the garden hose.) Scrap metal and paper and burlap bags. You can turn these in to various organizations. And also, don't forget, be sure to collect those pennies and nickels and dimes. They'll buy defense bonds. And fun, too, old sweaters and woolen socks. What for? Here's



Photograph by North American Aviation, Inc.

Chis woman knows deeply that she helping to defend her country as sh works in an aircraft plant.

where little brother comes in. He'll be able to help unravel them, pulling gleefully while row on row of stitches turn smoothly into scalloped lengths of yarn. Of course, some one older had better be on hand, or there will be literally pools of wool upon the kitchen floor.

Yes, even the youngest ones can help enough to feel that they are being helpful. Spasmodic bits of helping is all, of course, that the smaller children helping is all, of course, that the smaller children can manage. But these they can thoroughly relish. Helping father in the vegetable garden, for instance. That is something. Or helping to raise ducks or chickens. Walking to the drug-store with mother carefully carrying the toothpaste tube which is to be turned in. Selecting clothes that have grown too small and taking these over to big sister's school where emergency ward collections are being stored. Turning lights off when they are not needed, to "save electricity for the government," as young Tom has said. Helping to fill the galvanized pail with sand for use in case of air-raid. Helping to screw the lids on tight when mother preserves fruits and vegetables. All these are little yet important activities. They en-All these are little yet important activities. They enable the small child to know that in his way, he can assist.

For the older boy and girl—at last moving out of school or college—there are many occupational opportunities for continuous and essential kinds of helping. The Army. The Navy. War industries. Civilian positions which are necessary in order to have health and safety kept on top. All of these provide openings

of a great many types. While still in school, training can often be taken. Vast scores of boys and girls, and men and women, are enlisting in Defense Training Classes. From the steady hold on purring electric drills to the wide swing of clanging hammer on metal sheets, from the small-muscled finely coördinated movements of putting tiny wheels together in meters or dials, to the large-muscled heavy welding on the framework of ships—men and women are needed.
"What can I do?" asks John.
"What can I do?" asks Jane.

We can say to both, "There is plenty."

They will not lack in chances to say back, "It helps to know you are helping. You feel braver somehow." Of course you do. You are no longer alone and weak because of your aloneness. You are one of many pulling together. You are one of a great and vast armythe people of America. Courage mounts higher. You stand firmly grounded, strengthened by the masses who stand alongside you. You are participating in the most important of all causes right now. You are helping to win the war.

As Memorandum

Boy Scours of America For boys of 9 to over 16 2 Park Avenue, New York City

The Boy Scouts help to collect and deliver salvage; collect books for Victory Book drives. They are encouraged to donate to blood banks. They put on campaigns to sell defense bonds and stamps. They act as messengers, do traffic and guard duty, assist in cable and radiogram offices in emergencies, distribute government literature. They give first aid in emergencies.

Boys' Club of America For boys of 7 to 18 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

They are trained in first aid, motor mechanics, electrical repair work. They are encouraged to collect salvage and to act as messengers and junior air-raid wardens.

FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA For boys of 14 to about 21 Federal Security Agency, U. S. Office of Education, Washington, D. C.

Their program includes aiding in the agricultural labor shortage, collection of scrap metal, paper, burlap bags, purchase of defense bonds and stamps. It encourages repairing of farm machinery for conservation of materials, and increased production of food.

Young Men's and Women's Hebrew Association For boys and girls, 16 to 25

220 Sixth Avenue, New York City

The members help in canteens, send packages to soldiers, donate to blood banks, collect salvage, present plays for soldiers, purchase defense stamps and bonds.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS

88 Lexington Avenue, New York City

The Blue Birds (8 to 9 years) are given instruction in simple first aid. They are encouraged to save paper, twine, metals, tinfoil, old clothes. They assist in the distribution of Defense Stamp posters and in running errands.

The Camp Fire Girls (10 to 18 years) collect and deliver salvage; collect, sort, and repair books for Victory Book drives; are encouraged to purchase defense stamps and bonds, and raise Victory Gardens (home and community). They help in clerical work and messenger service. Training is given in Baby Care, Home Nursing, and Junior First Aid.

GIRL RESERVES (junior division of Y.W.C.A.)

For girls of 12 to 18

600 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Training given in child care, hospital service, junior first aid, home nursing. They offer clerical assistance; sew and knit for Red Cross, Bundles for Britain, Needlework Guild; collect books for Victory Book drives; collect clothes and blankets for emergency wards. They help with plans for evacuation of children in emergencies, and plan recreation and care for children during air-raids.

GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA For girls of 7 to 18 155 East 44th Street, New York City

The Brownies (7 to 10 years) are given instruction in simple first aid, and in taking care of themselves and younger children when adults are busy. They are encouraged to collect salvage, and to help in simple cooking in the home.

The Girl Scouts (10 to 14 years) are instructed in simple first aid, and in taking care of younger children in emergencies. They collect and deliver sal-

vage. They are encouraged to grow Victory Gardens, to know their community thoroughly, and to know instructions for air-raid alarms.

The Senior Girl Scouts (15 to 18 years) are offered courses in first aid, child care, nutrition, home hygiene, care of the sick. They are encouraged to learn mechanical skill in at least one type of transportation or communication. They act as messengers and junior air-raid wardens; help in canteens and give clerical assistance to organizations; collect, repair, and make clothes for the Red Cross.

Chapter Eleven

MOVEMENT TOWARD VICTORY

THE QUESTION: "What can I do to help win the war?" is also another question. It asks simultaneously, "What can I do to help myself live courageously through the war?"

As soon as a person becomes integrally part of a mass movement, he grows in awareness of what is being done. The impetus and magnitude and scope of effort become real to him.

One woman says, "What are we doing, anyway, to win this war? It seems to me we aren't moving ahead one bit."

Another says, "We certainly are getting on fast. We may not be showing it yet on the battle-front; but with all that is happening, we're bound to show it soon."

The first woman has had no part in the war effort. The second has been hard at work in an aircraft plant. She feels herself integrally part of what is going on. Each woman interprets in terms of her own experience. From childhood on, we are prone to do this.

A four-year-old lives near an arroyo called the Arroyo Seco. She plays on its wooded floor daily. One Sunday morning she goes to church service. The hymn is "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The child comes out beaming.

"I sung," she says, "about the battle of the Arroyo."

The "battle royal" had no meaning to her in any except her own terms. She translated what she had heard into these terms. Without realizing it, we often do the same.

"We aren't moving ahead," grew out of the one woman's experience. She had not been a part of any war movement. To her, the movement was not apparent.

"We certainly are getting on," again grew out of experience. To the woman who was participant, movement was clear.

By and large, we do gain a more vivid and deep sense of movement toward victory when we are participating in some vital aspect of the movement.

"I have a part," brings a warm inner glow. It makes us feel more secure and safe. It makes us feel more powerful, more capable of withstanding the enemy. We are adding our own strength to the strength of others. The combined strength of many begins to total up into a tremendous force. The fact that others are standing with us, helps us to lose the weakness and desolation that comes with the helpless littleness of standing alone. Working shoulder to shoulder with

others, feeling a part of a great, wide-sweeping whole—this is essential during war. It gives us firm and abiding knowledge that we are moving forward. Such knowledge fortifies us. It brings us assurance within.

This is important, too, for our children.

Our children sense it when we feel isolated or afraid. Our children sense it when we feel bereft of hope. Our children sense it, on the other hand, when we have found courage. They know it deeply, when we hold within the kernel of knowledge that we are strong, strengthened by the strength of the many, working strongly together.

"What can I do to help win the war?" This is an important question for every able-bodied non-combatant adult to ask. It is important personally to each one of us. It is important also to our country.

"What can I do to help?"

Answers come as thick and fast as dandelions springing up on a lawn:

Perhaps you want a job with pay? Full-time? There are many jobs connected with winning the war. Do you want to work in a war industry? Become a welder? Make bullets? Operate drill presses or lathes? Become an inspector—perhaps to ascertain whether cartridges pass muster? Do you want to line bullet-proof airplane tanks with rubber sheeting? Do you want to do agricultural work? On ranches or farms? Or is it a civilian job you want? To replace conductors, taxi-drivers, and other community workers as the men now filling these posts go off to war?

If you want any of these, and many more to choose from, hie yourself to the nearest United States Employment Service office. There you will be helped to pick out some line that is suitable for your abilities. You will be referred for training, or to prospective employers. You will be given the kind of steers that you need.

But, you say, it's a volunteer job that you're after? And you want to investigate the field to find something that really appeals?

All right. First thing to do is to go to the Civilian Volunteer Office. (It is probably located in your City Hall. But you can find out definitely by calling the local Defense Council.)

At the desk an efficient woman greets you.

You ask, "What can I do?"

There are many types of work, she answers. A letter, for instance, has just come in from the city schools. Could you, she wonders, fill any of the jobs that it calls for? Recreation leaders are needed to work on school playgrounds during the summer, to keep boys and girls busy so that America may not have the same increase in juvenile delinquency during war that England has experienced. Several men and women are needed to supervise woodwork and crafts. Several to take charge of library work. Several for physical education instruction, for story-telling, for dramatics. Have you had experience or training in any of these fields?

"Let me see what other calls have come in to-day," says the woman.

Typists are needed badly. Over a thousand sixteenyear-olds, she tells you, have just been placed for vacation volunteer jobs. And more typists needed.

How about enlisting for minute-man service? (Woman, perhaps, to you, but minute-man, none the less.) What do you do in this service? You go from door to door to check if at least 10 per cent of people's incomes are going into defense bonds. A hard chore, but one that is necessary. "It's curious," says the woman at the desk, "but people do take a lot of reminding."

"You know," she continues, "we need all kinds of people and all kinds of talents." She points to some posters, lettered beautifully in red and blue. "See those? A man came in the other day. He wanted to know, Could we use him? He was sixty-six years old. He'd been a sign painter. Couldn't he please be helpful in some way?... You can see that he was."

Many people are needed for many different jobs. Strong arms are needed: For road repair work, for instance. In case of bombings, roads will have to be rapidly mended so that food trucks and emergency supplies can be taken to those who must have them. Nimble fingers are needed: To relay telegrams and radiograms. To type staff messages.... Yes, skills of many sorts are needed for many kinds of work.

How about some of the Civilian Protective Services? Would they interest you?

You might become an air-raid warden, an auxiliary policeman or policewoman, a fire watcher, a messenger, a member of the driver's corps. You might work at a filter-board to spot airplanes. Or, if you're a man, you might serve as auxiliary fireman, as a member of the demolition and clearance crews, or of the bomb, decontamination, or rescue squads.

If you decide to join any of these, or any other part of the protection program, you would need to take a required amount of training. You would work under the fire department, under the police or health departments, or under other municipal authorities. You would become a member of the Citizen's Defense Corps.

On the other hand, you might be better equipped to belong in the Citizen's Service Corps. You would become attached to it if you served, for instance, on fair-rent committees, on rationing boards, on salvage committees; at consumer-information centers; on selective-service boards; or on various types of health, welfare, and recreational projects. Some of these things are invitational, of course, but you can register for some of the others. You would be working either directly under the Defense Council, or under the wing of some other volunteer organization. This organization, in turn, would be one of a large number of organizations coördinated by the Defense Council.

You nod. At last you are beginning to see the light. "The Defense Council doesn't try to do everything itself?"

No indeed. It acts primarily as a coördinating body. The Civilian Defense Volunteer Office registers many of the people who wish to serve as volunteers on many different types of programs. It also takes requests from the different organizations needing volunteers. It tries to fit volunteer and organization together so that the volunteer gets the kind of work he wishes and the organization the kind of workers it needs.

And, incidentally, after you register don't call up daily and complain that you're not being put to work soon enough. It takes a while.

Perhaps you'd like to go directly to some of the organizations to see what their programs entail. You could then evaluate as to where you would best fit in.

You decide that you will follow this suggestion. And you begin.

You start with the American Red Cross.

A modern, quiet building. Three women in yellow veils and uniforms in the reception hall. You inquire about the different types of service for which you volunteer. Another staff assistant will be glad to help you. Just a moment.

As you wait, you look around. Busy women in motor-corps uniforms walk by with brisk efficiency. Several of the staff assistants in yellow go through the rotunda on their various missions. Sympathetic social-service workers and their aides can be seen in a room at one side of the rotunda. They welcome men and women who are waiting, and ask them into their offices.

Quietness, cordiality, and efficiency prevail. You have a sense of a well-ordered quality pervading the

whole; and yet, not the impersonal coldness that so frequently goes with efficiency. The staff worker who begins to talk with you now is proof of this. She seems interested in you and in what you might do.

Yes, you, too, might become a Staff Assistant. You might join the ranks of those women who do office and reception duty. Typing, filing, attending information booths, and library work are among the services they render.

Or you might become one of the Nurse's Aides. Of course you know what they are.

Or you might become one of the Gray Ladies.

They too serve in hospitals—but only in military units—and in a different capacity. They help entertain the convalescents. They receive visitors for the patients. They read to the patients. They write letters for them. They listen to confidences and to troubles.

Possibly you have had social-service training? If so, you will be most useful as one of the Home Service Aides. As such you would work under the supervision of a full-time case worker. You would help secure information from doctors or employers, from schools or clinics as such information had bearing on the cases on which you were aiding. If you'd had enough training, you might be asked to break the news to a family concerning the imprisonment of a member; even, perhaps, concerning a death. For the Red Cross Home Service relays word from the Army and Navy and stands by to help in whatever

fashion it may. It renders all kinds of services to the families of men in the armed forces.

"A girl came in last week, for instance. Her husband was somewhere at sea. She was going to have a baby. We made arrangements for her to obtain medical care and hospitalization.

"The next case was an old man. He came in with tears streaming from his eyes. He'd had news that his son was dead. His only son. Killed in action. He couldn't believe it. And yet he realized he would have to make himself believe and accept it. And the Red Cross could help him to do this. He knew that if the Red Cross told him it was true, then it would of necessity be true. 'You are the only ones,' he said, 'who always tell people the truth.'"

Possibly, though, instead of Home Service, you would rather join the Motor Corps or become a Canteen Worker? Perhaps you would like to help with Production? Knit sweaters, helmets, and mufflers as these are ordered by the army; make surgical dressings; sew hospital garments; make gloves for use by Civilian Protection Bomb squads to help handle incendiary bombs. Or you might like to help on the Camp Service Program? Obtain furnishings for the day rooms where men may relax when they are in camp. Collect athletic equipment and the like. Or you might like to join the Speakers Bureau and go around to various groups to explain what the Red Cross is doing? Of course, for each type of service you would need to equip yourself with specialized training. You would need to join the courses which

the Red Cross offers to prepare its volunteers. For service well rendered, as you can see, is the objective here.

Next on your list of places to visit is the *U.S.O.* (But don't try to locate it by searching for U.S.O. in the phone book, as one woman did. Look for United Service Organization, Inc., instead.)

You drop in at one of their Hospitality Centers. Beige walls hung with bright modern paintings. Rows of brightly backed books. Music playing. A couple of soldier boys poring over records, in search of which to play next. Several card tables, each with a girl and three boys-soldiers and sailors-playing nonchalantly, seeming to be more eager for talk than for cards. On comfortable davenports and easy chairs at intervals around the room, more service men and girls with heads together talking. (Those boys seem avid for talk.) And in one corner, a soldier with a sheaf of papers, sharing them with a blonde girl in a vivid red print dress. Poetry. "You can't show it to the men," he confides. "They think you're crazy. But the minute I looked at you, I knew you'd appreciate it. You're the type." (Not only avid for talk, but avid to share some of the inner things that have seemed important, some of the inner things that have needed to be shoved aside in the brisk business of Army life.)

A quiet writing-room with desks. A canteen, where, again, talk seems far more important than sandwiches. And at the front of the room, an information desk.

You stop there. Can you see some one about the types of service the U.S.O. desires?

You are told that you should go farther downtown to the headquarter's office to register. Ordinarily you should go there also to make inquiries as to types of service needed. The hospitality centers are usually so busy that people coming in for such a purpose get under foot and take time which is needed for the "boys." But, since this is a slack moment, perhaps the director will see you.

While you wait to see the director of the center, you listen to the women behind the information desk.

"I've got six tickets for *This Above All*. Does that suit you boys?" And the six of them (two soldiers, two sailors, and two marines) leave the Center equipped for a free show, and looking mightily pleased.

But what is this? A lady in frills and furbelows has stopped beside you. To the worker, she announces with condescension, "I'll take five boys." (Just the way you'd take five apple dumplings!) "Yes, next Tuesday night for dinner. And if you can get one that's tall, about six feet four, he'll come in handy. My daughter's six-two and we have trouble getting boys. And one from the University of Nebraska. My husband went there and he'd be just charmed...."

You wonder how the woman behind the desk stands it. But she continues with perfect dignity, cordiality, and poise. So you draw conclusion number



hotograph by A Pierce Artran . S O., Los Angeles, California.

Talk is more important than sandwiches.

four to yourself, "It's not all prettiness and youth that's needed around here. It's also maturity and tact."

The head worker has come up beside you. She seems to read your thoughts. "You wanted to work? One of the things we need is tact."

You go with her to her desk at the back of the main room. She is friendly and easy to talk with. You suddenly know why the atmosphere in the place is as informal and easy as it is. This woman makes it so. Friendliness. That's what this place stands for.

"Tact?" you ask, laughing.

"Yes."

"For example?"

"Well, let me see. Yes, I can illustrate. Last week an irate woman called in. We had sent a boy out to her home for dinner. She was furious. 'How,' she demanded, 'could we possibly have sent any one with such atrocious table manners?'"

With a smile, "You'll admit that was a difficult moment. But our worker, with utmost tact, replied, 'I do regret it. But, after all, you may have been privileged. Perhaps he was another Sergeant York.'"

Friendliness. In the Center you see it. And if you go to the main office downtown, you see it again. In the stations where U.S.O. workers meet troop trains, they bring candies and cookies and cigarettes to give the boys a lift. But, more important, they bring that informal friendliness which goes straight to the heart and makes the recipients feel less lonely, less homesick, less blue.

Again there is office and secretarial work to be done. Again canteen service. Senior hostesses are needed to give out information, to keep things running smoothly, to supervise the floor activities in the centers, to supervise dances and parties away from the centers. Women are needed to serve on the Invitation Committee, to take offers for large parties, concerts, and the like, and to relay these invitations out to the different centers. Home Entertainment workers are wanted to take down messages asking service men to people's homes. Still others are needed to line up Camp Shows. Talent to participate in them. Workers to obtain orchestras for service dances. And men to play in the orchestras. Workers to search out information as to the cost of lodgings and meals, the whereabouts of church services, of gymnasia and swimming-pools, and of available shows. To search for all kinds of facilities to make leave more worthwhile. And this is important, for service men are no different species from the ordinary man. They, too, are lonely and at sea and restless when they are in places far from home where they know no one. They need sufficient contacts with civilian life to give them renewal of courage and faith.

"We can use many kinds of abilities," the head worker concludes. "We have several artists, for instance, who drew pencil sketches of the boys for them to send to their families. We've several people who read handwriting, and a few who read palms. Such things always prove amusing. We also have a couple of people who make voice recordings. One of them brought the machine. They're making records for the boys to send home."

As you are about to leave, you realize you have only one regret. You wish you had gone to headquarters instead of here to make your inquiry. You feel guilty over having taken the director's time away from the service men.

As you leave, you eye the Junior Hostesses who sit around looking pretty, playing cards, listening to poetry and talking away in friendly fashion. You think to yourself, "They have all the breaks." But again the head worker seems to read your thoughts. (She is positively uncanny.)

"These girls work hard," she says. And she finishes up with a story of two hundred girls coming home on a midnight train from a dance at a Camp. "And what do you think? One of the girls took off her shoes. And the soles of her stockings were worn completely off. In one evening. You see? That much dancing isn't all fun. It's work."

Of course it's work. You have built a fairly good picture of how much work is involved for all these people. You appreciate fully that they can't provide comfort and relaxation and continuous friendliness which is upbuilding without hard work, deep devotion, and high ideals.

Next place on the list? American Women's Voluntary Services.

An imposing entrance. And a pleasant young

woman comes forward to meet you. Again you explain your purpose. And again you obtain a fund of information.

Can you drive? There's a motor-transport service. You would drive for the U.S.O. or for the Interceptor Command's air-filter service. You would transport Army and Navy personnel.

"Interesting incidents happen every once in a while. Last week, for example, we got a call from the commanding officer of a boy out at camp. The boy was to be married that day. His bride was arriving by train from out of town. The understanding was that he was to meet her and that they were going straight from the station to church. And now, suddenly, the area was on alert. He could not leave camp. What happened? We called for the bride and the priest and took them both out to camp. There was a wedding after all."

If you drive, there's also the chuck-wagon service. You take food at night to the soldiers on guard in lonely and isolated spots. They appreciate no end getting a break in their solitude as well as something to eat. It raises morale for them.

While you are talking with the thoroughly informed and delightful receptionist, the head of the Regional Office comes by. She is young and dark and full of vitality. She stops to exchange greetings and to add her bit to the information you are receiving. "We want you to know," she says, "that we are a peacetime as well as a wartime organization, that we've no barriers as to race, religion, or age. Any one

who has capability and who is willing to serve can join with us. There are lots of things to be done."

Knitting and sewing. Settlement work. Public Speaking. Canteen. Selling of War Bonds. Helping to provide and to serve free school lunches. "Recently we've been serving them to the Filipino groups and in schools where no lunches are available. During the summer we serve them on school playgrounds. It's going to be necessary, you know, to feed and protect children and to keep them busy. Hunger and war can produce too much delinquency if we don't."

Training courses are available, also, through A.W.V.S. First aid, home nursing, diet and nutrition (under Red Cross auspices), motor mechanics and map reading, PBX, Morse code and teletype, victory gardening, photography, physical fitness, public speaking, civilian protection, recreational activities with children. Quite a list.

"And our most recent activity. We're recruiting women to harvest fruit to feed our fighters. We're working with the United States Employment Service to find people to pick and pack and cut and can and sort and truck all such crops as apples, cherries, prunes, pears, grapes, and hops. To raise poultry, too, and to do dairy work, and irrigate. It sounds like business, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does."

Again you come away with the convinction that American womanhood is doing its part. The energy of the women you've seen, their conscientious zeal, their devotion to the cause they serve—such qualities make them deserve tremendous credit.

And next? First, to the Citizen's Army and Navy Committee where women are busily planning to furnish some more day rooms for soldiers.

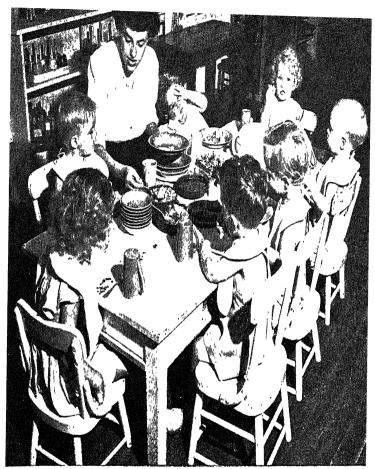
"Here is something you can do at home," one tells you. "You can make curtains or cover pillows or make slip covers. Some of our workers make fifty curtains in a day. That's good output all right," you agree.

Then to the *Naval Aid Auxiliary*, where sewing and cutting and making of all kinds of garments for use in naval hospitals is in process. "And layettes for the Navy wives."

"We run canteens, too," you are informed, "for the boys on the naval reservations. And we are helping to sponsor and support two federal nursery schools where children of navy men are cared for."

That reminds you of the next place you are going. To a meeting of a Citizen's Committee on the Care of Young Children. There you hear, as you've heard before, that "total war means mobilization of all people for victory." You hear that "the mobilization of women for victory to-day intensifies America's obligation to the nation's children. As women enter industry, their children must be cared for. As provision is made for care of their children, more and more women will be freed for production and civilian defense." 1

¹ Quoted from a leaflet of the New York Committee for Care of Young Children in Wartime, 254 West 54th Street, New York City.



Photograph by Jack Prescott WPA, Emerson Nursery School, Burbank, California.

You could volunteer to help with war-workers' children in a nursery school.

You discover that there are several sub-committees on which you might work. You could help with fund raising, with promoting of legislation to provide more adequate care for young children. You might serve on a publications committee, or on a survey committee. You might help with publicity, or join the Speakers Bureau. If you have had any professional training, you might now help to train more teachers. Or you might enter training yourself and help to take care of children of war-workers during their days in child-care centers. You might help organize neighborhood groups, bringing in as many people as possible to lend their voices and their influence to the promotion of facilities to care for young children. Over a million, you learn, have already joined the New York committee to sponsor the movement. You can help to bring in more.

The meeting reminds you of something you have heard over the air not so long past—a famous sociologist speaking of the need for "recognition of the value to society of leaders of children. We let a chemist or a machinist work in a factory because it is an essential industry, but a good Boy Scout leader, or club worker, or a good school teacher is just as essential to the front-line trenches of the community in total war as is the chemist and the machinist, in my judgment." ²

Up the block and around the corner, to-day and to-morrow, and next week and next, meetings are

² William Ogburn in a broadcast of the University of Chicago Roundtable, entitled "War and the Family," April 26, 1942.

being held and committees are working. There are many things to be done during war. Child and maternal health must be safeguarded. You can lend your strength to support a number of movements to further such vital measures. Child labor laws must be protected and advanced. We are, after all, fighting this war not for the present alone but for tomorrow. We must work, now and to-morrow, to safeguard and preserve human life.

Now that you have obtained an overview of what you might do (although you have by no means seen all), what do you decide? How do you choose? You manage to do so with wisdom only if you stop to consider your individual abilities, your individual strengths and limitations; and if you consider, as well, the demands that your family living places on your strengths and limitations. Only with due thought to these matters will your work prove productive and worth while. Only with due thought to these will you help win the war, and at the same time find yourself doing something that helps you to live courageously through difficult years.

A Note to Myself

DEAR YOU,

Don't forget:

You want to help win this war. You want to have some part in it.

There are many, many, many things to do.

You've got to choose wisely which are for you.

Don't offer excuses.

Don't say, "my children need me twenty-four hours of every day." You know that's nonsense. As long as you have a safe and healthy place to leave them while you work, with a good wholesome trained person in your stead if they're little (as in a good nursery school), they'll probably love you much better for the respite. And you them.

Remember, it's not the twenty-four hours that count. It's the kind of relationship you have during those

hours.

And remember, too, if you're full of vim and vigor and courage emanating out of feeling yourself useful, you'll be a better person for your children.

But be sure to take your strengths and limitations into consideration. And your particular family's needs and demands.

Don't forget.

ME

Chapter Twelve

BOY-GIRL TROUBLES

T's so HARD," and Nell hung her head. "You look forward all your life to getting married. And then comes war. And you don't know what to do."

Nell's mother laughs. Nell's father raises his eyebrows and mumbles into his newspaper, "Puppy love. It's not too serious."

But for Nell, who is eighteen, it is serious. Terribly, painfully serious. Laughter and scoffing do not help.

Why is it so difficult for parents to realize that children do grow up? Why is it so difficult to recognize the fact that when you have come to a certain place in your life, you very deeply desire the kind of closeness that only a mate can bring.

Said one irate father, "It's ridiculous, this warmarriage stuff and nonsense. Haven't kids got any sense these days? Here we are with a home as nice as any home a girl could wish for. And there goes Betsy wanting to get married. How will she live? In a wooden shack at some Army post for a while. And then, when Collin goes, she'll have nothing. She'll come running home again. Why on earth doesn't she stay here in the first place? Home is home, after all."

Yes, home is home. What a true statement. Home is home with Father and Mother when a child is small and during the time he is growing up. But once he has grown, then home is where he makes it; not where his parents have made it for him.

Our younger children desire closeness to us. We constitute the family which gives them identity and safeness. (More of this later.) We constitute the family which serves them as haven. But the older boy and girl are looking forward to another sort of anchorage—a family of their own.

To the boy going overseas, marriage may serve as a real place of refuge in a life that is all too uncertain. The certainty of having been loved sufficiently for marriage may give him a kind of surety that carries him through hardships with firmer courage.

"It's this way," young John comments dreamily. "When Marie married me, I knew better than ever before that I had a place in life—a place all my own. Not that you don't have a place with your folks. You do, of course. But it's different. Your mother and father are older. They have a whole different set of values and interests and ambitions. Your sisters and brothers are all right. You love them. But you're not the center of their universe and they're not of yours. With Marie, it's something else again. Having Marie means that I've a spot all my own in this

world. Knowing she loves me is a kind of beacon light in the dark. Knowing she loves me well enough to have married me makes the beacon burn twice as bright. Don't you understand?"

Of course, not all boys feel this way. Sam, for one, did not. Sam confided, "No, I wouldn't be married on a bet. I'd hate to be miles away and feel that I was betraying a wife every time I decided to look at a girl. And if I'm honest, I certainly know that I'm not going to be gone for a couple of years without looking at a girl."

To a girl, marriage may bring status and security. To her, too, the knowledge of having been loved may serve as bulwark. It may give her hardihood. She may feel that she has found a motive for carrying on with head high and with augmented courage. She holds within herself a new resonance. She has known the answer to love. As Beatrice expressed it, "I've had something so lovely in my life now, that no matter what happens it will always keep whispering to me that life is important."

"But, Beatrice, what if you should lose Don. Suppose, just suppose..."

Beatrice is steady. "Yes, I thought of that beforehand. And I figured it out this way: If anything happens to take Don away from me, I will at least have known that marriage can be good. Very good. I think such knowledge would in all probability make me ready for marriage again, much more so than the girl who is sour and bitter and disappointed. I think men feel those things. So that I'd have more chance of getting another man. Perhaps I'm cold-blooded figuring it that way. But that's how it seems. Now, though, I do have Don, and that means more to me than anything else in the world. Being married to him makes me feel safer. As if I had a harbor all my own, somehow protected against storm."

Of course, not all girls feel this way. Lana, for one. "No," said Lana. "Frankly, even though I'm all for Jim and think he's definitely my man, I wouldn't want to marry him till after the war. Too many things can happen. He might meet a girl in Australia and like her better. Though," with a twinkle, "I doubt it."

In interpreting the different attitudes of these different boys and girls, we might say: "John and Beatrice are more mature." Or we might say: "Sam and Lana are more sensible."

Whatever we did say would depend on our individual point of view. No doubt our own marriages, or non-marriages, would influence our judgments. What marriage had meant or not meant would enter in. What non-marriage had meant or not meant would enter likewise. To illustrate: One woman feels that war marriages are to be desired. "You see," she says, "I missed out. The man I was to marry went overseas in the last war and never came back. I've wished ever since that I could live that period over. I would at least have had him while it was possible."

In contrast, another woman says, "I hate to see these young things marry. Little do they realize that they'll never again be free of burden. When I look back on the care-free kind of living I did before I got married, I wonder why I was in such a hurry to go ahead."

There are, of course, "sounder" arguments against war marriages than the ones expounded on the grounds of individual emotional slants. There are statistics from the last war. A large proportion of marriages contracted during the war fell by the wayside. The number of divorces was out of balance with those for many years prior.

During wartime, before the men leave for other shores, many young people do marry under the spell of glamour, or under a sense of pressure.

Put a man in uniform and he immediately looks taller and more handsome. Any dowdiness that his civilian clothes may have possessed is nullified. Add to his uniform the romance of Army or Navy; the story of sacrifice for his country; the pathos of a pending departure and you have the ingredients for many hysterical overboard flips.

To many girls, war stands as a period where men are becoming scarcer and scarcer. They feel that while the getting's good, they must get. "Like Custer's Last Stand," parodied one.

Such motives, of course, are not sound groundwork for marriage. But such motives are not only war-deep. They do not suddenly end with the ending of war. Rather, they increase. The last war showed a rise in marriages at the beginning; then a low incidence of marriages as the war went on and many boys went overseas. And then an all-time high in the period directly after the war.

The post-war period is a period where men are scarcer still. Many have been lost. The excess of women is appalling. (In Germany after the last war there were over two million more women than there were men.) The girls who have gone through the war at marriageable ages are beginning to feel that they no longer constitute the choicest crop. A new bunch of younger girls have now come up. The girls who were old enough to marry at the beginning feel themselves "getting on." Many a girl decides that she must grab a man fast or she will be too late. It becomes do or die.

What chance has a marriage then?

Again statistics from the last war shed light. For the two years following the close of the war, the highest proportion of divorces occurred. And many of the divorces were the breaking up of post-war rather than of previous marriages.

And so, if we manage to "save" our young people from a war marriage, if we have proudly patted ourselves on the back and praised ourselves for making them wait until war is over, we had just better un-pat ourselves neatly. There's no statistical guarantee that marriage after Tommy comes back is safer than marriage before Tommy leaves.

Of course, there's the chance that Tommy will come back injured or maimed in body. But then, nine chances out of ten, his girl will marry him anyway on the impulse of nobility. He has suffered for his country. She must make it up to him. She must help him to forget his suffering. He, on his side, desires deeply a safe home and a wife to comfort him. He desires deeply to know that he has not lost virility entirely, even with his body not as whole as formerly. His ideal is one of sacrifice. But his ideal succumbs in the face of his wants and hers. And they marry.

There's the chance, of course, too, that Tommy will come back injured and hurt in mind. Bitter and broken, disillusioned and morbid. Tommy in name only; and in looks. Actually not Tommy but a completely other person. A person entirely different from the person to whom Jane had become engaged. But neither Jane nor Tommy realize this in the flush of home-coming and wedding preparations. The war is over. The soldier has returned. The wedding bells chime. (Who ever has heard of waiting for a year or so after the soldier's return for the wedding? And yet, from the viewpoint of complete sanity, that would be the thing to do. A year for sizing each other up anew. For finding if each were still the same; if each, in spite of passing of years and experience, were still in love with the other.)

And yet, isn't the search for a formula that applies to all cases rather fruitless? Isn't the question, rather, an individual matter? In the last war, many of the marriages transacted in the flush of war and postwar days went the way of divorce. But many lasted. Many proved sturdy and enduring. The individual, after all, transcends statistics. War or no war, a marriage sanely entered with earnest and deep delight

can bring to each partner the kind of response from the other that means more in the way of fulfilment than any eventuality could ever wipe off the slate. Marriage entered into with each partner sincerely and tenderly cherishing the other can bring hardihood and courage—even in the face of separations; even in the event of death.

The best solution is the individual decision; each instance a case in itself. Each two people must decide for themselves according to their own individual maturity, the intensity of their desire, and the depth of their love.

Ken and Ellen decide one way.

"We're both young," says Ken. "I'm twenty-two and Ellen's nineteen. I can't see any reason to hurry. I might get shot up. And I certainly don't want to saddle Ellen to a cripple for life. If everything goes well and I come back safe and sound, we'll be married."

"I feel, too, that it's better to wait," Ellen adds. "Only, I'll marry Ken no matter what might happen to him. I'm sure of that. We've known each other for a good many years. We've been going together a long time. I'd much rather get married when we can settle down together and have our own home, and fix it up together, and take care of it together and actually be together, not thousands of miles apart."

Mary and Hal decide the other way.

"We want each other just as much as we can have each other; both now and after the war is over. We do something for each other when we're together. Each of us feels twice as full of courage, twice as strong, in the knowledge of belonging. We want to be able to share our thoughts with each other—to talk and give confidences, to argue and challenge; to exchange with each other whenever we feel like it. And, since day-time is all too scarce for Hal, we want all the night-time we can get.

"We want to belong entirely to each other, physically as well as emotionally. Yet we don't think we're the sort who would care to have illicit relations. We want our relationship to be right; to have it feel right all the way through to us; not to have any touch of secrecy or of hiding about it.

"When Hal's away, I want to know I've been his completely. I want to have that to hold onto and to remember."

"When I'm away," and Hal looked steadily at Mary, "I want to have the stability of knowing that I have you as a wife."

Ken and Ellen had different kinds of personality make-up than Hal and Mary. They had different goals. Different values were important. When Ken and Ellen thought of marriage they thought of domesticity of a quiet and steady sort. They thought of making a home together, doing many little domestic chores together, gardening and cooking and tending the fire. Some of these they had already shared in their times together. They had a steady and sturdy kind of down-to-earthness about them. They were neither of them very highly sexed. Companionship



Photograph by A. Pierce Artran

When Ken and Ellen thought of marriage, they thought of domesticity of a quiet and steady sort.

and building a home and having a family were their goals.

To Hal and Mary other aspects of marriage mattered more deeply. They were strongly sexed and strongly attracted to each other. They desired bodily closeness. They desired close affection. They knew that for them such closeness brought renewal and upbuilding support. The fact of being together, of sharing themselves with each other, the fact of close confidential exchange—these were what mattered most to them.

"But," comes the question, addressed to Mary, "what if Hal comes home and you find that he's different, that something has happened to change him while he's been through the thick of things? Suppose you don't love the new Hal who returns? I think you're realistic enough to face what might happen then."

Hal interrupts, "I wouldn't want Mary to stay married to me under those circumstances. Not if she felt that she didn't love the new me."

And Mary adds, "I might not want to stay married. But that's a chance you take anyway. Divorce, after all, has happened to other people, even without the war. No, I'm not hard, but just as you said, realistic. We might find it necessary to get a divorce if we'd grown too far apart. But at least we would have helped each other through the period when we most needed help."

They held to the conviction that they would have given each other stability at a time when stability

was greatly needed. Many young couples feel similarly. They marry with eyes seeing quite realistically that many things can happen in the future, but knowing that here and now they can do much to contribute each to the other. They believe, fundamentally, that their ties are strong and that their marriage will last. They are not blind, however, to the alternate possibility, although they are prone to regard it as a remote chance.

Whatever the decision is for a couple, it must be their own decision. We, the parents, will have to watch ourselves to keep hands off.

Give our judgment and our opinion, surely. But desist from pressure and from attempts to organize and direct our children's lives. At twenty our boys are old enough to fight. They are also old enough to live with some freedom before they are massed into marching flanks. They are old enough—many of them—to come to a goodly number of important decisions on their own. We owe them the chance to do so.

We, the parents, will have to fortify ourselves so that we become able to relinquish our children as they grow. We will have to watch that we do not hold more tightly on to our girls because of having to give up our boys to the armed forces. The impulse is natural enough. But not the results. Many a girl has rushed headlong into an unfortunate marriage simply to break too tight parental reins. Instead of warding off trouble, we may head our children straight toward trouble. Instead of preventing the

BOY-GIRL TROUBLES

formation of unwise bonds, we may be cement them.

But there are things we can do to help. We give our children opportunities to talk their conce over with us. We'll find, however, that we will n to watch ourselves on several scores if we want the to feel free to bring confidences to us. We will not o remember, first, that they do not come to harangued. They come to talk. They want to "specific some one whom they can trust; some one who listen sympathetically; some one who will let the go on and on. We will therefore need to listen listen some more. And we will try not to lecture the and not to transfer the flow of words from the mouths into ours.

Second, we must remember that they have come to be scolded. They have come to be support not to be condemned. If we berate them and belithem, and focus on where they have been mistalthey will hardly want to go on. (Nor would we un similar circumstances.) They have come to get hon clarifying their own thinking. And this help give best by letting them talk on. As people tabout matters which are troubling them, these noters often grow clear of themselves. (We know from our own experience. We don't, for instarknow what to write in a letter. And then, as we to out loud to some one about it, we suddenly get this all straight. We know without hesitance what want to say.) If our opinion is asked, we will,

course, give it freely. But we will attempt to cut wnat we say out of a non-condemnatory pattern rather than of the reverse. We will not say, for example: "Since you've asked, I'll tell you. I think it's absurd to even consider getting married. I thought you'd have more sense." We will say instead: "Of course, you are eager to get married. Of course, you have some hesitance about it. It's a tough problem. I think you've got pretty good sense, though. What are some of the questions that bother you most? Let's see if we can't talk more about them. That will perhaps help them to get straightened out."

The third point we must remember is how important a part the sex factor plays in the whole matter. When a couple can be together only a short while after they are married, there may be real hazards involved.

As we well know, satisfactory sex adjustment for many couples does not immediately come about. A period is necessary in which the partners grow relaxed and free with each other, and in which each becomes aware of the other's sex needs. The threat of incomplete experience is, of course, more likely to affect the girl than the boy. But the boy is affected indirectly in a way that we seldom realize. He may have to leave while his wife is still not enough accustomed to the sex act to achieve full satisfaction. He may then feel himself inadequate as a husband. This in itself may turn him against the marriage.

The girl can become even more anxious and worried. She wonders why she does not have a fulfilling

experience. She, too, feels inadequate. Both of them begin then to blame each other in an attempt to shove the blame off themselves. Unless they can fully understand that this is a temporary state, and normal, they may feel that the marriage, after all, has been a grave mistake.

Such understanding is difficult without a working through to mutually fulfilling experiences. Conviction that marriage is good ordinarily comes about as the sexual adjustment proves deeply satisfying. Doubts on this score are all too frequently linked up with doubts about the entire relationship.

Little ghosts then begin to raise their heads. Old fears creep up: One or the other partner, or both, may begin to worry; perhaps childish misdeeds are now at last catching up on them. Perhaps earlier sexual phantasies, sensations, or experimentations have, for the girl, ruined capacity for satisfaction. Perhaps, for the boy, they have ruined adequate ability to satisfy a wife. Such fears simply reinforce the conviction that the marriage has been a mistake. The fact that the satisfactory relations are not established creates an internal threat that may be more devastating to the marriage than the eventualities of war.

We parents can do much to help—if our own attitudes toward sex permit. We can help the boy or the girl to know in advance what some of the problems may be. Foreknowledge often enables people to work through problems more readily. If the couple knows that the achievement of mutual satisfaction

is something that must be built, and that seldom happens at once, they can then at least understand that they are not abnormal. The mere absence of the fear of abnormality can reduce tension and speed up adjustment.

Of course, we do not educate a person for marriage in a few instants of talk before the wedding. Such education starts near the beginning of life. A child learns about marriage from the attitude his parents have held toward each other. He learns from the answers they have given to his questions, and from the manner in which they themselves have alluded to sex. He learns essentially from the way in which his parents have felt about sex. He learns, too, from the way in which his parents have or have not been severe with his childish manifestations of interest in sex or experimentations with it.

No doubt the parent who can best reassure his son or daughter before the marriage will be the parent who has talked freely and wholesomely with his children all the way along. If the parent can talk freely—and that depends on the actual feelings of freedom that he carries within himself—then he can probably reduce some of the threats that lie in a war marriage. He can help the young person to know that sexual adjustment takes time and patience and that neither of the partners is abnormal if complete adjustment does not immediately result. He can help the young person to become aware of some of the technical points that help to bring about satisfaction. Where he hesitates to talk, the parent can at least provide

some reading that will elucidate similar points.¹ Or he can send the son or daughter to a psychologist or physician, or to one of the Family Relations Institutes where premarital instruction is given. His objective will be to put the couple in a position to work out their adjustments as rapidly as possible. Then, if the boy does have to leave, he will be stepping out of a relationship that has not proved disappointing. He will carry with him the fortifying knowledge that the relationship has proved good.

Certainly we the parents must try to stand by when our children are ready to marry. We should not focus on the question of how to stop the marriage. We can do much more for them if we ask instead: How can we help this young couple to make their marriage a successful one? How can we help them to achieve as much stability from it as is possible during the unstable period we are living through? How can we help them to achieve faith and sustaining support during the destructive disruption of war? of war?

¹ For example, Helena Wright's The Sex Factor in Marriage (The Vanguard Press, New York, 1938).

For Chose of Us Who Have Children of Marriageable Age

- 1. Many war marriages end in divorce, it is true. But marriages contracted directly after a war have proven to be even more of a liability. Waiting till the soldier returns is statistically taking more of a chance than marrying before he goes.
- 2. Although many war marriages are contracted under the spell of glamour, there are some young people whose desire for marriage is deep and sturdy and real. Our own children may be among this latter group.
- 3. We can help our young people to clarify their relationship with each other by giving them opportunities to talk their problems through with us.
- 4. We must remember, in connection, that they come to have us listen, not to harangue. They come to be understood, not to be censored.

 We need to let them talk on and on, being careful not to condemn them lest we turn them away.
- 5. Different couples choose different means for working out their problems. Some decide that it is better for them to wait. Some decide that immediate marriage is their best pattern.

Whether to Marry or Not during War Is Each Individual Couple's Own Unique Decision.

Chapter Chirteen

PLACES OF HAVEN

HEW WEEKS AGO, a writer concerned with war and its effects sent to the psychologist's desk the following dramatic story.1 He asked whether he had been right or wrong in the psychological implications.

SCARED KID

I knew I'd been losing him since that Sunday. But I didn't know why. He never said anything, but I couldn't seem to get close to him. Lately, he'd been going to his mother for everything. It was beginning to get my goat.

This particular Sunday we were sitting at the table

eating our lunch. Janet was fixing a salad.

He came in hurriedly and sat down. He didn't look very well and he began stuffing food into his mouth.

"Now, Skipper," my wife said, "you shouldn't eat quite so fast. That's what gives you a stomach-ache, you know."
"Oh, leave him alone," I said. "Maybe he wants to go

out and play ball."

"No, I don't want to play ball," he said.

"Then what's the trouble, Skipper?" my wife said.

¹ William Irving, from an unpublished series of stories.

"I'm-I'm scared."

"Scared about what?" she asked calmly.

"I'm scared about the war," he said, in his little voice.

"Are they really going to drop bombs on us?"

I looked at the kid. His hands had begun to tremble and his face was white. I felt sorry for him but I wasn't going to coddle him.

"Aw, forget it," I said, in a cheerful tone. "Nobody's going to drop bombs on us. Who's been putting such

ideas into your head?"

He bent his head and began marking the tablecloth with his fork. "Everybody. They talk about it in school. They even said so on the radio. They're really not going to, are they, Ma?"

"No, I hardly think so," my wife said, quietly.

"Tommy Jones said they could send over a thousand planes at one time."

"Tommy Jones doesn't know what he's talking about,"

I said.

"If they did drop bombs, Dad—do you think they could hit our house?"

"No. Of course not."

"Would we all be killed?"

"No. Certainly not," I said, laughing. "Listen, son—forget it! Nobody's going to be killed. Just get it out of your mind." I picked up the paper and began to read.

"Just the same I'm scared," the kid said.

Janet patted the kid's hand. "Of course you're scared. You have a right to be—when you don't know."

"Do you think they could fly over and-?"

"Well, it isn't likely," she said, in that steady, low voice of hers. "Look. Suppose you run into your room and bring the globe. I'd like to show you something."

I looked across the table at my wife. Her face was steady and serious. Good God, I thought, she wasn't

really going to discuss this thing with a ten-year-old child. She must be going out of her mind.

"What's the idea?" I said, after the kid left.

"I think it's best to bring these things out in the open," she said, simply.

"Well, I don't."

She leaned over and calmly adjusted the flowers in the vase.

"That's a matter of opinion," she said.

"There's only one way to handle these things," I said.

"And what might that be?"

"Get his mind off the subject. Talk about something else—school, movies, anything!"

She looked at me hard. "It won't work, John. He

couldn't forget it any more than you-."

Just then the kid came back in the room. He put the globe on the table and cupped his chin with his hand.

"Why are we fighting this war, anyway, Ma?"

"Because we-"

I turned my chair and faced him squarely. "Wait a minute, dear," I said. "I've been meaning to ask Skip something all day."

"Huh? What?" the kid said.

I don't know what gave me the idea. But I spoke the words slowly. "How-would-you-like-to-go-to-the-ballgame-this-afternoon?"

For a moment I thought he didn't hear me. "How

would you like to-?" I repeated.

"Huh? Ball-game?" His eyes brightened and his face broke into a smile. "Whoop-ee! That's super, Dad. Can I go, Ma?"

"Why, certainly, Skip."

"Okay then," I said. "Get a move on."

I winked across the table at my wife. I hated to rub it in—but I couldn't help it. I knew what the kid needed.

"What about you, Ma?"

"Oh, I've some work to do in the garden. I'd rather stay home if you don't mind."

I guess she knew I wanted to be alone with him. I reached over and poked the kid in the ribs, playfully.

"We'll have fun, won't we, Skip?"

He didn't answer for a while.

"Oh, sure-sure, Dad," he said, finally.

We sat in the grand-stand and I watched the sun pour through his hair. He wasn't saying very much but I knew he was enjoying it.

"Feel better, son?" I said, after a while.

"Sure, Dad," he said, smiling.

"That's good," I said. "Take it easy on the peanuts.

I don't want you to get sick." We both laughed.

It was one of these perfect afternoons. The sun shone down over our shoulders and threw soft shadows over the infield. But it wasn't too warm to make you take off your coat.

"How'd you like that triple?" I asked. "Some sock, wasn't it?" He nodded. But he didn't look up. I guess he

was enjoying the game too much.

I lit a cigarette and blew the smoke into the air. I couldn't help watching him out of the corner of my eye. He sat there, complacently, with his hands on his knees. I wanted to talk to him. I wanted to pat him on the back and tell him everything was all right, now. But, instead, I just sat there, staring out into space.

We watched the players run on and off the field for nine innings. When it was over, I spoke to him, again.

"Well, boy," I said, "wasn't it a pip? What did you like best—that unassisted double play or that pinch triple?"

He didn't move. He just sat there in his seat, as if he were dazed. I stamped my cigarette out with my foot.

"Kind of tough to answer, eh, kid?"

He turned his head slowly and looked up.

"I wish somebody'd kill Hitler," he said.

The writer's question could receive only one answer. Of course, he had been rightly discerning. Of course, distance inevitably grows between parents and children when a child is shut out.

During war we can not afford to let such distances grow. Our children must feel that they are *in*, not outside. They must know that they belong firmly within the circle we call "home."

It has been said elsewhere ² that "home is a place where, if you have to go there, they have to take you in." Home is also a place where they have to help you feel continuously *in*. During war, home becomes more than ever a place of haven. It must remain a place where children can feel sturdily and securely anchored.

"Home is a place where you have a place," said one youngster. And another, in his teens, when caught at a show in a blackout, "Gee, I wish I were home. I'd feel safer there." An absurdity, of course. From a construction angle, he was safer right where he was, in the theater. But from an emotional angle, he would have *felt* safer at home.

What are some of the elements in a home that contribute to an essential feeling of safety? And can we keep these elements in existence for our children during wartime?

Some of the elements that go into creating a feeling of safety have been mentioned before. But they

² Miriam Van Waters, Youth in Conflict (New York, Republic Publishing Company, 1926), page 63.

can well stand several mentionings. Some we have not yet talked of. What are they?

In a home, a person obtains food and shelter. These constitute protection to his body; maintenance to his very existence. No doubt, the association of these with home gives to the home some of its connotation of safety. The better the job that the home does on these scores, the more it will contribute. The proper sorts of food, well-balanced nutritionally, bring to a person strength and endurance. (And we can learn about nutrition if we don't know enough about it.) Proper foods of themselves do actually protect a child. They make him safer. They assure him of being more able to cope physically with the dangers and threats that arise during war. They reinforce him. He has an advantage over the person who is physically less sound.

An Englishman reports having been in hospital in London during some of the raids. He had been sent home with a fractured hip. "You can't know," he says, "the horrible and complete vulnerability of being physically helpless at such a time. I felt much safer and less threatened during actual attack at the front. At least I was then hale and sound." The mere fact of being sound had made him feel safer and less threatened. With physical helplessness there is bound to come a feeling of being unsafe and vulnerable. Everything, therefore, that the home does for the physical health of its members contributes to their sense of being safe as well as to their actual safety. Shelter which the home affords through provision

of properly regulated temperature and of clothing to give proper warmth, help also to establish a physically healthy basis for meeting life's demands. We have gone beyond the days of John Locke when hardihood was supposedly developed by shivering in the morning gloom.

Opportunity for fresh air and sunshine and exercise are, of course, also necessary. Precautions against epidemics. Proper care during illnesses to minimize the after-toll. Care of ourselves, too, during pregnancy to give a child the better start, and during other days to keep us as well as possible so that we may the better give him protection. All such items help us and our children to build and to maintain the kinds of bodies that are sturdy and whole. They are of particular importance during war. And we can accomplish them during war if we give them sufficient attention. War produces strain. Strain produces fatigue. Fatigue produces the soil of susceptibility to disease. In days where strain runs high, we, as parents, must watch especially diligently all matters pertaining to the family's health.

ents, must watch especially diligently all matters pertaining to the family's health.

"When you're strong," says John, "strong as Popeye or my dad—then you don't got to feel afraid of nothing, not even the Japs." A bit foolhardy, perhaps, but none the less possessing a kernel of emotional truth.

Another line of physical protection must also be thought of. We need, of course, to minimize the danger from possible air-raids. All the members of a household should become part of the home safety

squad. All members should know what to do in case of bombings. All can well know what particular parts they could assume in case of attack.

Says Edith from the superior position that her ten years give her, "Susy can put the stoppers in the wash-basins when the alarm comes. She can turn on the water and turn it off, too, when the basins are full. Those are things she can do, even if she is just three"

"Well," counters Jim, with twelve-year-old skepticism, "you can't count on babies in an emergency. I think we'd better just teach her to go into the inside hall fast, as soon as the sirens blow. That's enough of a part for her."

Besides those elements which build physical wellbeing, there are those which build emotional wellbeing. They create for the person a sense of safety. This in turn brings relaxation. This in turn lessens strain and tension. It again makes for more efficient, and actually safer, living. Even such seemingly small things as the coziness and comfort within our homes should not be neglected. Curtains and chair coverings that one enjoys looking at; blankets that are soft to the touch as well as warm; lovely pictures on the wall-all these and many others enhance the feeling of relaxation that a home can bring.

"The hardness and the coldness in the look of an underground shelter," comments a Britisher, "makes you feel suddenly desolate and threatened. You miss the comforting security of a cheery home."



Photograph by A. Pierce Artian. Mrs. Bell's Nursery School and Kindergarten, Los Angeles, California.

When the air-raid alarm comes, even Susy can take part. She can put the stopper in and fill the basin with water.

We all need such comforting security. Our children need such comforting security now more than ever to ease the strain of war. Pleasant little things about a house can bring comfort and delight. Why not have flowers in a room to cheer us? Why not food deliciously prepared? Why not freshly starched white curtains at a window for added brightness? Surely, we need not add martyrdom to make misery more profound.

A person is apt to feel safer and less tense when he has at least some sensory experiences in his life which are pleasurable. This is just what we have been talking about. A bowl of vivid flowers to delight the eye and appeal to the sense of sight. Delicious food to satisfy the sense of taste. Soft blankets to bring pleasure to the sense of touch. We might add: lovely music to bring pleasure to the ear. We might add, too, sex experiences which are deeply satisfying. Nor are all of these, and similar items, negligible and meaningless. The person who is starved of pleasure to the senses has a hunger within that is a danger in itself. We can not, of course, always avoid too great hunger within. But we are wise if we do, when we can.

The greatest, perhaps, of all hungers within is the hunger for love. Conversely, affection breeds sturdiness and a feeling of safety. The person who is loved carries a sense of protection inside him. The fact of being loved well when one is young creates an inner security. Such security can carry through life. It contributes to an ability to function with a kind of

basic sense of safeness in the face of whatever comes.

Children need a lot of affection to live with stamina in a world at war. And yet we frequently do not express sufficient affection to our children. We feel it; but we do not express it. (We have mentioned this; but not sufficiently. We need to pursue it a little further.) We think we may make a child "soft" by too much loving, a "mollycoddle," or a "sissy." But just the reverse is true. They found in Russia that twenty-four-hour mass care of children where loving had to be foregone made children more timid, not more sturdy. Even puppies who are taken away from their mothers and so do not have closeness with her develop into scarey dogs.

People who cringe are many times those who have never felt sufficient love. The ones who do unreasonable things to cover up weakness and to prove themselves strong are also frequently those who have not had sufficient affection.

Many delinquent adolescents are children who are striking out to prove that they can get the best of others; to prove that they themselves are big and strong. To prove that they can defeat in order to escape being defeated. They are searching for a kind of invulnerability for themselves. When their histories are investigated and their inner feelings are made known, they are shown to have felt unloved and deeply resentful of the lack of love.

Babies who are cuddled a lot when they are little, and children who are loved demonstratively and sincerely, seem to develop into the braver of the human species. They seem to carry a kind of safety within.

Affection is one necessity to safety. Response from those who love us is another. We need deeply to know that they think well of us. "My mother always loved me out of sympathy," said a girl who had grown up with a paralyzed arm. "But I wanted her desperately to love me out of admiration. I think," wistfully, "that I have pretty hair and sort of good looks. If she'd only told me, I might have forgotten a little more about my arm. I think I've a good disposition, strangely. I think if she'd told me I would have felt more secure..."

We often fail to respond enough to show children that we think well of them. We feel too often that we may make them conceited. But, again, the opposite seems to be true. It is usually the person who is insecure—the one who feels unsafe within himself—who appears conceited. The child who is accustomed to obtaining response for the nice things about himself does not need to angle for compliments. He does not put on arrogance. He does not need it. Nor is he too afraid of facing those parts of himself which are less "nice." Facing these does not threaten him. He knows with too much conviction that he is essentially all right. He can, therefore, tolerate recognition of the spots that are "wrong."

Said one, "If I admitted being envious, I'd never be able to look myself in the face. I'd feel awful all the way through, as if I were no good at all."

Said another, "Yes, I am envious. I can see it now.

I hate it, for instance, when another girl comes to school with a pretty new dress on and I have a horrid old one. I wonder what makes me that way; and how I can get over it."

She had faced a weakness in herself. Once seeing it, she was ready to take steps to better it. The first girl, on the other hand, had refused to see her weakness. She could therefore do nothing to work out of it. Her history showed that she had lacked affection and response. In consequence, admitting even a small fault threatened her too greatly. Her essential safeness depended, as it does for us all, on being worth something. Her sense of worthiness might have been interfered with in other ways also. For instance, by demands that she could not live up to, or by guilt that made her feel "low" and "awful." Such things we do not want. We want instead to help our children preserve the knowledge of their own worth. This affords them a kind of protection. It makes them feel capable of coping with what comes. It keeps them from feeling endangered by every small threat. It constitutes an underpinning for their sense of safetv....

Response, then, is one way of helping children feel more worthy. A child needs to know that his parents believe him to be all right no matter how many little wrong things he does. He needs to know that he is accepted with all his faults, all his uglinesses, all his clumsy fumblings. He is accepted for what he is; not only for what his parents want him to be.

He does not crave, "You're a grand boy to be so nice and clean." He is then responded to for being what his mother wants him to be; not for what he is—a mud-loving, dirt-enticed young creature. He wants to be responded to for what he is and can be, naturally and freely without pretense or affectation.

"You're such a happy person, it's good to have you around," if he is a happy person. "You're funny. I love to listen to you say things," if he has humor in his way of talking. "You're pretty," if she happens to be. "You've got such a swell mind," if he has. Children and grown-ups alike crave such bits of spontaneous response to what they are. Such bits convey the fact that a person is accepted and appreciated for what he actually is rather than for anything he puts on. This makes him able to step out more freely and with more courage into the world. It makes him feel safer as he goes.

A kind of response which is proof positive of closeness and acceptance is the giving of confidences. We all know how accepted and warm and close we feel when a person confides in us. "He must think I'm all right, or he wouldn't be sharing these intimate things with me," runs as a kind of undercurrent to our hearing.

During war—as has been said before—it is far better to tell our children as simply as we can of what is worrying and upsetting us. This giving of confidence helps a child feel that he must be all right. It reenforces his self-confidence and helps him to feel

more capable of handling the difficulties that may come.

To feel safe, people also need to know that they have a place in the world where they actually belong. The intimacy of belongingness goes far to create a bulwark of strength. A safe group in which a child can closely belong protects him from threat of being left without a pivotal spot to cling to in a bewildering world. The family furnishes this group. The home, in the best sense of the word, can be the pivotal spot.

The home, during war, must remain intact—even though its members may not all be present. Separation of children from parents has proved devastating. Evacuation of children to protect them physically has injured them emotionally. They have not been able to tolerate separation from their families. Separation makes them lose their essential belongingness, and the loss proves shattering. This has been found to be true in England. We do not want it to prove true here.

Being "let in" on family conversations, on war talk, on doubts and fears that press parents—these are part of being a part. (The term "let in" expresses well the exclusion that takes place when the opposite occurs.) The ten-year-old in "Scared Kid" no doubt felt separated from his father because his father had excluded him from matters which he thought were of too grave concern.

The foundation on which the home rests is none other than the relationships of its members. Staunchness and sturdiness and confidence in their relationships, one to the other, make the family strongly knit—a haven against storm. When a boy or a girl has grown, if home has been a safe haven, he will feel safety in leaving its walls for belongingness of another pattern—a home of his own. His leaving does not disrupt the home.

More pivotal in the picture, however, is the relationship between father and mother. It creates, as does no other factor, a force that gives form and shape and essence to a home.

But what when father must join the service? What when father must leave?

The home, then, is broken. Strength and sturdiness are gone.

But is this really so? Is the relationship that has been pivotal in giving form and shape broken?

The answer, of course, is "No." The relationship, if it has been strong and sturdy, will always be so. Even if one partner dies, the relationship can never be dead. If it has been deep and closely a part of each person, it remains a part still of the person who remains, as long as that person is alive.

Are strength and sturdiness gone?

The answer again is, "No." Strength and sturdiness, as these existed, brought strength and sturdiness into life for each partner. Each is stronger and sturdier for having been together, for having possessed a relationship that brought strength to each.

But how can a mother convey such verities to her children? How can she, during the absence of a dearly beloved husband, give her children a feeling that the relationship is still rich and sturdy and that the strength it has always brought still does go on?

Certainly she does not convey any of this if she hides yearning and longing from her children's sight.

"It's very evident," confided a mature twelve-yearold, "that my mother didn't care very much about my father. She never talks about him. If we mention his name, she gets to looking stiff and stern. I don't think it's right. She should miss him more."

Keeping the heaviness of a bleeding heart out of our children's lives can do just the opposite of what we want it to do. Courage a mother must attain, but not false courage. She can not cover up tears with an "I-don't-care" manner. Such a manner merely conveys hardness and coldness. It denies the sturdiness of the very relationship she wants to manifest.

If she misses her husband deeply, she is, of course, going to have moments of weeping. Why hide the tears from her children?

If she has courage, she will try to construct a life for herself which attempts to compensate for what she is missing. She will show her children that she has courage by the way in which she comes out of her spells of sadness, but not by denying or hiding sadness itself. She will show courage, in one way, by coming out of sadness into some work that she can throw herself into. She will show it by putting herself vigorously, even, into moments of fun.

"Daddy's away," said another child, "and Mother misses him dreadfully. I've seen her cry. And she tells me about it sometimes. But she's brave. She goes to work and she goes to parties and she has good times with us, too."

This mother has been honest about her yearning; but honest, too, in her attempts to take life in stride in spite of yearning.

Our road does not lie through denying sorrow. Our road does not lie through hiding the fact of missing a husband who is gone. Neither does it lie through an everlasting fog of tears and do-lessness. It lies in daring to feel strongly but in daring to live strongly as well, making of the days that are present as whole a pattern as we can.

And this we must do.

For, we make home a stronghold only as we are strong. We make it a haven of safety only as we carry on with courage that is deep-rooted and anchored firmly to ongoing life.

For Safety's Sake

- Children need to feel some degree of safety—as do we all—in navigating through a world of terror and war.
- Demands for achievement which are too difficult make him feel unable to cope. They can shatter his sense of safety.
 - Conversely, he needs to know that he can achieve successfully all along.
- 3. He needs affection and response as well to help him toward any degree of real security.
- 4. He needs belongingness, too.
- 5. And also some measure of sensory gratification.
- 6. These make him capable of feeling sufficiently safe to move forward with courage through war into peace.

Belongingness,
Affection, and Response
—Plus Successful Achievement—
Bring Sure Knowledge
That Life Can Be Good
in Spite of War.

Chapter Fourteen

WHAT I CAN DO

HY ARE WE FICHTING? We have asked this question many a time. We must be clear. We are fighting not for the present moment, but to save and preserve and augment the freedom we cherish. Are we building for freedom? Or are we so enmeshed in the war that we are losing the long view? Can we at one and the same time do two equally important things—concentrate vigorously on war effort, and look ahead with constructive concern to the future?

Something worth while, we have said to ourselves and to others, must come out of this carnage. Such bloodshed must not—in the long run—prove mere wastage. A world of better shape must evolve.

There are many aspects of our present society that we shall want to see bettered. More freedom for more people. With poverty eliminated and starvation non-existent. With ignorance eliminated and intolerance non-existent. We are fighting not only to preserve our world but to fashion it into stronger and sounder shape.

Realistically, we know that the years following a war are lean years—hard and dry. We must develop morale on the home front if we are to live through them with stamina. We must develop morale if we are to exist with fortitude during days of war and after.

Morale. We have used the word a few times only. But by now we know well what morale is. We have spoken about it the entire length of these pages. We have not defined it. Yet we might have done so. We might have said:

Morale is the ability to work together, courageously, to a given end.

Better than definition, however, we have examined the ingredients of morale. We have seen the kinds of tangibles and intangibles that go into its making. We will want, many of us, to pledge ourselves to these; to keep in our mind's eye some of the important elements that go into building morale for ourselves and our children. We will want to hold tight to those values that can bring us strength during days that are difficult—now and after the war. We will want to go over and over and think thoroughly through what we, ourselves, can do toward building morale.

Certain of the points that have been mentioned we will reject. (Different ones of us, after all, do adhere to different ideals.) Certain points we will find ourselves accepting with vigorous affirmation. "I can," we will say, "do these particular things. I

can put a check after certain items on the code that follows. I can make these my own. I can endeavor to live by them in my effort to help develop morale—through the war and after—for me and mine."

CODE FOR PARENTS DURING WAR

I MUST HELP MY FAMILY TO ACHIEVE AS MUCH SAFETY AS CAN BE MANAGED DURING THE TREACHEROUS, UNSAFE DAYS OF A WORLD AT WAR

I shall remember:

There is an inner safety; and an outer. As the outer diminishes in the din of war's echoes, the inner can mount and maintain equilibrium.

As it does, we are able to move without panic, through trying, tumultuous, treacherous days.

I shall endeavor to give to my family:

Good food and shelter. Fresh air and sunlight. Space for muscles to stretch.

I shall remember:

He who is healthy can carry within him greater knowledge of safety. He actually is, in a measure, more safe.

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I shall love with clear freedom, not fearing to show love. Clear in the knowledge that affection is strengthening. That it engenders strong inner protection—safeguard from anxiety, torture, and hurt.

I shall give to my family:

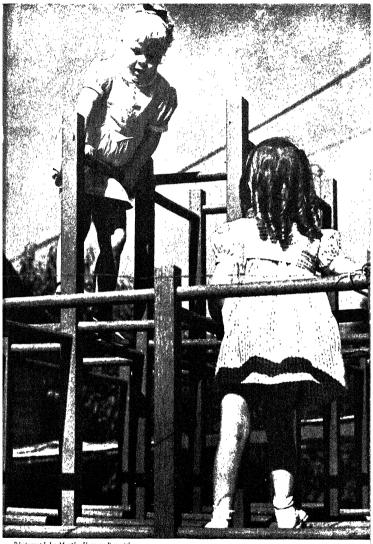
Response that enhances. To each one among them, a place of his own. Standards that measure *him*, not another. Appreciation, word-spoken, of what he himself is, simply and readily self within strain.

I shall keep from asking of my child:

Achievement of deeds that he can not accomplish. I do not want failure to let him feel desperate; unsafe in conclusion that he can not travel alone on his own feet—in firm sureness striding the long road ahead.

I shall try to cultivate:

The soil for belonging. Confidence given. Confidence shared. I shall talk with my children about what concerns me. I shall not try to hide it behind



Photograph by Martha Homsy, Parents' Cooperative School, San Pedro, California.

Children need fresh air and sunshine.

walls of silence, knowing full well the pain of exclusion, knowing the desperate way that it shoves off those who need deeply to feel safe and close.

I SHALL GUARD MY CHILDREN AGAINST BLIND HATRED SO THAT THEY MAY GROW—IN SPITE OF WAR—WITH SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS AND TOLERANCE FOR ALL

I shall remember:

When children are little, they absorb the world of people's emotions; of fright or of safeness; of deceit or candor; of peace or of struggle; of smooth-moving devotion; or rough-jarring discord.

They absorb the world made by people around them. They desire, from those who are nearest, supportive protection. Cuddling and love and quick-rising response. The bringing of answer to tears in the night. The bringing of comfort to hunger's demands.

They desire the yielding softness and comfort of bodily closeness; of sensory warmth.

The absence of primitive, deep satisfactions stands as desertion;

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stands as cold hardness. The absence of primitive deep satisfactions stands as oppression. It makes them believe that life's days are for suffering. The world becomes bitter, oppressive, and hard.

When children are little, they turn fast against us if we fail to make certain that they gain satisfactions. To the measure that we cause them frustration, we stand as oppressors. We bring days of suffering. We make the world bitter, depriving, and hard.

They strike out in hatred. We punish and scold them. We make them feel wicked. Their fury is downed then. But it is not lost.

Fury festers below the shield of awareness. It presses and pushes for outward expression, until it sweeps past volitional barriers. Out it comes, then, in bestial and mad persecution. Out it comes in stark violence. Out it comes in compulsive, unreasoning revolt. Out it comes in recurrent, sharp-striking, small cruelties. Blind. Deaf. Not dumb, though. But violently shrieking of murder and wreckage, prejudice, rampant intolerance, and war.

These are too tragic presagement of future. I must help shape a pattern of different design. I shall earnestly safeguard with care for my children, the basic and deep satisfactions they need. And then I'll go further. What hatreds they harbor, I'll help them to face.

I shall help them learn early to let out their hatreds through action that keeps them from piling up pressure; and yet does no harm.

They must learn as small children and persistently then on—to hate all oppression, and all that it stands for. To fear not the showing. To get out the hatred, leaving the self clear and open and seeing—capable of oneness in feeling with others; able to fight at necessity's message, to preserve peace on earth and freedom for all.

I MUST HELP MY CHILDREN KNOW THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY SO THAT THEY MAY PRESERVE AND STRENGTHEN ITS VALUE IN THE NEW WORLD THAT RISES AFTER THE WAR

I shall keep in mind that:

Liberty creates liberty. Children learn freedom best as they constantly use it.

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They do not learn freedom when we snatch it from them; when we take decisions from out of their hands; when we tell them "how" on a million small matters that run on a hundred paths through their days.

I shall help them to learn:

Democracy's ingredients. The value that comes of differing people—different in stemmings, different in strengths, different in the wide contributions they bring.

I shall help them to see:

The share that each plays in the welfare of many. No matter how lowly, no matter how great, the differing worth of each one to all.

I shall help them to value:

Fairness among men. The honoring of others. Staunch knowledge that all need freedom from hunger, freedom from ravage of wind and of storm. Freedom, as well, from dark persecution. Freedom from ignorance with its needless grim toll.

I shall hold to the fact:

These awarenesses come best, when children savor with relish the participation

they give. No matter how tiny, no matter how big, I shall ask from each only what he can accomplish without sense of pressure, without sense of strain.

I shall help each to know:

The reinforcement that rises with his part well done. The long swing of arm at the shovel. The agile achievement of fastspeeding fingers. The intricate meshing of clear-thinking mind. Whichever mode fulfils his best effort, he can add as his share to the effort of others. A share freely given, not ordered or forced.

I can see:

Two elements are needed to gain social awareness. The first is experience with democracy's ingredients—experience lived in the simple, small actions that children take part in, day after day.

The second is riddance of those inner feelings that always raise barriers to a total acceptance of living democracy's way.

Such feelings, we know, are resentment and hatred. They make those who harbor them strike out at others. They

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grant them the use of democracy only with external selves; not with sincerity born of the richest—born of the deepest—total self's core.

I shall plan for my children:

Day by day experiences modeled and formed in democracy's vigorous shape. Experiences in fairness, in coöperation, in courage; experiences in consideration, independence, and sharing; experiences in all the ingredients that go into making democracy work.

And I shall again manage:

To see that my children get hampering hostilities well off their chests. So that they are free and clear, and in power to channel whatever small part may be left.

I SHALL HELP MY CHILDREN TO HANDLE THE FEARS THAT INVARIABLY MOUNT DURING WAR

I must remember:

A certain measure of fear during wartime is natural. If it mounts I'll be watchful. I'll try to uncover what lies underneath.

I know that:

Fear never shows its face without causes. I'll never say, "Here now, be brave now, my darling. You know that it's silly to be so afraid." Instead I'll say, "Come here and tell me about it. Of course, it is all right to say what you're feeling. Don't you know? Every one is sometimes afraid."

And I must also think to remember:

A cause is not always that which it seems. Fears spoken of Japanese coming or Germans, of bombings and air-raids, of maiming and death—may be quite other than what they appear.

They may be disguises to things that lie closer. To parents' felt harshness. Or to child's secret wishes.

Most likely the latter. For, in life very early, he is made to grow fearful of the most natural desire to be rid of a parent who pushes and presses, or a new baby brother who usurps his place. But when he learns fully how awful his feelings, he tries hard to hide them. He covers them over with talk of battles and bombings, and cruel Japanese.

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I'll encourage my child then:

To talk out his fears. To talk more about them. Not to hold under. Not to keep silent.

I'll never shame him for showing his feelings. I *must* not make him afraid to show fear.

I understand now:

Talking does two things. It helps to straighten one's thinking. It clears out one's vision. It can enable straight facing of fear.

Once faced, then fear always is simpler to handle. One knows what is troubling and with what one must cope.

Talking, then, also reduces the pressure. It eases the tension. It takes from the feared thing much of its horror. It makes fear grow lighter. The person is master in place of the fear.

I SHALL KEEP MYSELF AS WHOLE AS I CAN IN ORDER TO HELP MY FAMILY THROUGH DAYS OF WAR

As for me:

I shall try to keep up high courage, knowing that close ones sense how I feel. I shall try not to draw blank mask over fear. Masks are transparent. They seldom disguise. Masks are excluders. They always divide. They serve to push from us those who most need us. They serve to push from us those whom we need.

After all, it is natural, with war hard upon us, to waver and falter. I, too, am human. I am reactive. I carry quick vulnerability in me. How can this war pass yet never come near me? I can not expect that. I would not be human. Of course, I feel sadness. Of course, I feel yearning. Of course, I feel sometimes despondency's touch.

I shall say to myself with comforting realness, "Look here, you must know, you're still a good person. Don't add blame and self-torture to war-born dark pain.

"Be open and steady. Go talk of your fear. You'll find in the sharing that you do much to lessen its destructive hard tearing. You'll find that you will have gained easement and surcease from bitter and wrenching burden of pain."

I shall not then be crushed if I find myself fearful. Fear is

inevitable in time of war. If, though, I find it too hard overpowering, if I find it increasing to dimensions of panic, then I'll not leave it. I'll try to find help.

I'll need to be watchful:

That self-condemnation on other scores also, stays off the scene. Self-condemnation brings only cringing. It lessens our courage. It ends by destroying our highest morale.

I must remember:

My children's ill tempers, my children's aggressions, my children's small hatreds—these are quite natural. They don't mean that failure has been my score. They don't mean that I have failed as a parent. They don't mean that I have failed with my children, to teach in good measure democracy's song.

I now know that such problems are quite normal strugglings to strike out at barriers, to withstand oppression.

I need not fear that I can not handle such matters. I need not fear. For I understand, now, full well what they mean.



Photograph by A. Puerce Artran, Mrs. Bell's Nursery School and Kindergarten, Los Angeles, California.

 \mathcal{H}° ith fingers that can feel magnolia blossoms.

I shall try also:

To take part in war effort. To add my small strength to the broad strength of many.

I know:

As I add my effort to the effort of others, I can lose some of lone mind's deep desolation. I can cast off the littleness born of the feeling that I stand quite helpless, standing alone. I will feel myself, rather, close of shoulder to others—an integral part of the wide-sweeping whole.

I SHALL TRY TO HELP MY CHILDREN PRESERVE THE CAPACITY TO RELISH LIFE IN SPITE OF WAR

A child once said:

"I'm friendly with a bug.
I would not like to be a bug,
Though bugs can go anywhere
On the whole earth ball,
Swifting in sudden paths.
I'm glad I'm a child
With fingers that can feel
Magnolia blossoms.
But I'm friendly with the bug."

¹ Nannce, "Friends," The New Republic, June 17, 1931.

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We who are parents might say back in answer:

You have said something lovely and good and courageous. You have said something strengthening to give us brave heart. Enjoyment must stay during days of bloods spilling, much closer to home and to simple small happenings. I'm glad that I'm human in spite of this blackness. I'm glad that I'm human in spite of war's terror. I'm glad that I hold life's vividness in me. I'll reach out for every small inch of enrichment. I'll cultivate touch of magnolia blossoms to carry me through to war's end and after—till a new world has dawned.

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